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The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP

Round the Constituencies—By "Big Ben" on Tour : "Standing By" : Pictures from the Moors and Seaside

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GERMANY—*(continued).*

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The BYSTANDER

Cannons of Hollywood

THE LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

The latest portrait of Lord Louis Mountbatten's lovely wife, who is the elder of Lord Mount Temple's two daughters. Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten have been back in England this summer, after having been abroad for a year or two, while Lord Louis was serving with the Mediterranean Fleet. They have two daughters, the eldest of whom is nine this year

Lady Charles Cavendish (Adèle Astaire) and Mrs. Edward James (Tilly Losch) photographed together outside Lismore Castle, the Cavendishs' home near Waterford. They appeared on the stage in New York together a year or two ago, before Lady Charles Cavendish's marriage

Mr. William Schofield, of Low Burton Hall, Masham, Yorks, and the Hon. Armyne Astley, Lord and Lady Hastings' second daughter, leaving St. Peter's, Melton Constable, Norfolk, after their wedding. Miss Astley had five bridesmaids and two small pages

• WHATS

The Hon. William Horsley-Beresford, Lord Decies' brother, and Countess Georgina de Sauvigny, after their wedding last week. The Hon. William Horsley-Beresford has been married twice before, and his bride, who is Dutch, and was formerly Lady Sholto Douglas, has been married four times

LONG lists of names of those who are staying in the hotels at the fashionable foreign watering-places still greet us each morning in the papers. Society is obviously "still abroad," for Lord Castlerosse is bargaining with the Berbers in Morocco, Lord Donegall has deserted his Provençal village, and, determined to strike a novel note in his search for new faces, has gone to—Cannes. Another famous Society chronicler, **Gillie Potter**, writes from near Dieppe, in the real holiday spirit. He says—

VILLA MARCHEMALO,
SUR-LES-ROCHERS,
PAS-DE-MONNAIE,
FRANCE.

"How goes it, mon vieux?

"I am marooned here with the family. 'Tootles,' the daughter, whose engagement to the station-master at Calcutta was denied over and over again last year, is here on holiday, and 'Twister,' her brother, is here on bail.

"Her Ladyship is pretty peeved, as the entire staff left without warning on Monday morning—so peeved, in fact, that she is writing about it to the Bishop who confirmed the girl.

"Dear old Marshmallow himself is so badly badgered by the local equivalent of our own writ-serving gentry that he enters the sea at dawn and floats about until dusk, and has, in consequence, been mistaken at various times for a whale, Teddy Brown, and one of the Channel Islands.

"The villa is constructed entirely of wood, and painted a rather painful puce, beneath which can be seen, in certain lights, the initials P.L.M. and the legend '40 Hommes Ou 8 Chevaux.' We are sufficiently far from Pourville not to be ashamed, and yet, in another sense, far enough to be ashamed.

"Old Colonel 'Thimble' Wrigg is here. He is late of the '222 Rajputs,' and was expelled from Eton at the same time that Marshmallow was asked to go to Harrow; he is an amusing old carp who lost two teeth at Tel-el-Kebir and can shoot cherry-stones through the gap with amazing precision. More when we meet." (No more, thank you.—*Editor.*)

Overseas

St. Moritz has not been without its visitors in the snow-less season. Who was the young man who slapped his young wife's face in the bar of the Palace Hotel? Lord and Lady Warwick, after extensive motoring trips in the Alps, are now at Cannes and Monte Carlo. Crowds and faces there have been so much described in the last fortnight that shall give them a rest until next week.

Deauville seems to be on the map again this season, in spite of one big daily trying to "de-bunk" it. Yachts are in the harbour, millionaires all over the place; there were flocks of Rothschilds and Hennessys, Lady Mary Herbert having another turn at the tables, Lady Pamela Smith prettily preening herself on the plage, Lord Alington getting a quiet laugh out of everybody else.

Le Touquet is crammed out over week-ends. The Vivian Cornelius', the John Dewars, and Charles Gerards enjoy their golf. Mme. de Surmont (lovely American brunette), an elegant hostess at La Hutte, the Mayor's villa. M. Aboudaram, the casino-king, looks quietly happy at renewal of good business.

Cricket

Test Match at the Oval—thought West Indies did better than credit given, in spite of heavy defeat. Was pleased to be good prophet over "Father" Marriott—that he would bat No. 11 and take the most wickets. All agreed about his performance—finest slow bowling seen for years.

Douglas Jardine expected to spill the beans on cricket at **Foyle's Literary Luncheon**: was frightened of the Movietone—is reported

ADO • ABOUT • TOWN

"The Bystander's" Potted Social Diary of the Week

Right: Lady Ada Ramsay, Lord Eldon, the Hon. Simon Ramsay, the Hon. Duthac Carnegie, the Earl of Dalhousie, and Miss Hulings, who is an American, between drives on the Glen Esk moors

to be joining Oxford Group Movement. Alec Waugh lets his youth still loom large—also spoke on cricket. Is in village-green class as player, Test Match as spectator.

Departure for Canadian and American tour of **Sir Julien Cahn's "circus"** (his little local cricket side, recruited from the neighbourhood) trumpeted loudly by lunch at Claridge's. Team motto—"Defeat Impossible"; Dennis Morkel, Robins, and Peebles will see to this. Carries cricketer-journalist as reserve, for further trumpeting of results.

Other Sports

In the **yachting world** spinnakers were set to starboard in Torbay Regatta. In same neighbourhood Mr. Randolph Churchill and June capsized in a canoe. Both reported saved.

King Grouse still holds pride of place in the **gun world**; hearty athletic girls have annual chance against frailer "lovelies." Was rather unlucky with first three "plain roasts." No. 1 had enjoyed a longish sojourn in a cool climate. No. 2 had flown and walked all the way from Scotland. No. 3 had been neatly netted, and tasted like (and probably was) one of the keeper's pet pullets. Sir Philip and Lady Cunliffe-Lister are out daily on Masham Moor, in Yorkshire—Lord Scarsdale, Major Tryon, and Mr. Oswald Birley are assisting in the holocaust. The real "grande battue" of Yorkshire has not yet taken place; this will shortly be perpetuated at Bromhead, belonging to the Rimington-Wilsons. At Grinton, on the Charlesworths' moor, serious shooting not the order of the day; guns do not attempt to emulate the Lords de Grey and Walsingham—they go out to enjoy themselves.

At Grasmere, saw magnificent **tussling** among Cumberland crags. Much impressed with some nice "back-heeling" and "kicking over" by local Champion Greatorex. Over all, of course, presided Lord Lonsdale.

Music

At the Queen's Hall, "**Proms**" take place nightly. Sir Henry Wood, magnificently metronomical as conductor—hall full to hear Benno Moiseivitch, brilliant in Tchaikovsky B flat minor concerto: did not know a soul present—indicates a musical as opposed to a social audience. Previous night of Wagner, saw four Misses Paget and Miss Anita Leslie—in the interval were winding wool on a balcony, like the Norns in *Götterdämmerung*, spinning fates: some day will spin some themselves. Mr. Somerville Tattersall, Miss Kindersley (Lord Astor's private secretary), Captain Alec Gollan, and a lady who lay asleep on the edge of the fish-pond during the playing of the overture to *Rienzi*: O, Wagnerians, ahoy! Fashions worn were *not* those of Molyneux, Hartnell, Idare, et Cie. Blazers very popular—felt one man would bowl me a leg-break at any moment.

Futures

Court moves to Balmoral. Highland Games season approaching; general rallies throughout Scotland to Aboyne and Braemar. Outlandish sports the feature of the days; outlandish dancing (with suitable yelling accompaniment) occupies the nights.

Yorkshire will congregate at Stockton; very social, Durhams and Londonderrys to the fore; women will be tailor-made-ish and tweedy; men literally exuding grouse-talk.

On Wednesday Stanley Scott produces *The Ace*, at the Lyric Theatre. Looks like producing the Queen, too, in Ketti Gallian, billed to burble charmingly in Gallic.

MR. PEEPS.

Viscount and Viscountess Chilston feeding their pet, but ferocious, swan, Savage, at Chilston Park. Savage lives up to his name so truly that he has to spend his days behind netting. Lord Chilston has been appointed Ambassador in Moscow, in succession to Sir Esmond Ovey

• PERSONALITIES

• **VISCOUNT ELMLEY,** who is spending his holiday in Finland, has a lighthouse as a home when visiting his constituency. He is tall, broad, and rather stout. He is efficient at his job, invariably polite, and very conscientious. He does not worry about his appearance, and is therefore generally somewhat untidy. He is very reserved and a very lonely person, but he notices more about people than they imagine. He feels strongly on many points, but seldom expresses his opinion. He is a great reader and an extensive traveller, having visited most countries in the world. He has three famous sisters, a brilliantly clever

Viscount Elmley

"Huge woolly overcoats, handsome features, as well as a lighthouse"

good lawn-tennis player, a clever writer, and a brilliant Secretary of State for India. He is exceedingly neat, and speaks with carefully chosen words in a dry, precise manner. One cannot imagine him out of doors bereft of gloves,

Rosita Forbes

"Writing materials by her bedside"

political "Boss" (Leslie Hore-Belisha), huge woolly overcoats, handsome features, and, of course, his lighthouse.

• **ROSITA FORBES,** who is in the "Sunny South," is one of the most remarkable women of to-day. Tall, thin, fragile, white-skinned, and beautifully dressed, she is essentially a feminine woman to meet. Yet she is an explorer, fearless, tenacious, undaunted by difficulties. Her manner, on first acquaintance, strikes a note out of key with her achievements, but she is very attractive and no one can help admiring her. She writes easily, speaks well, and is an excellent hostess. She has a black bedroom, writing materials by her bedside, a lissom figure, a devoted husband, and a gay spirit.

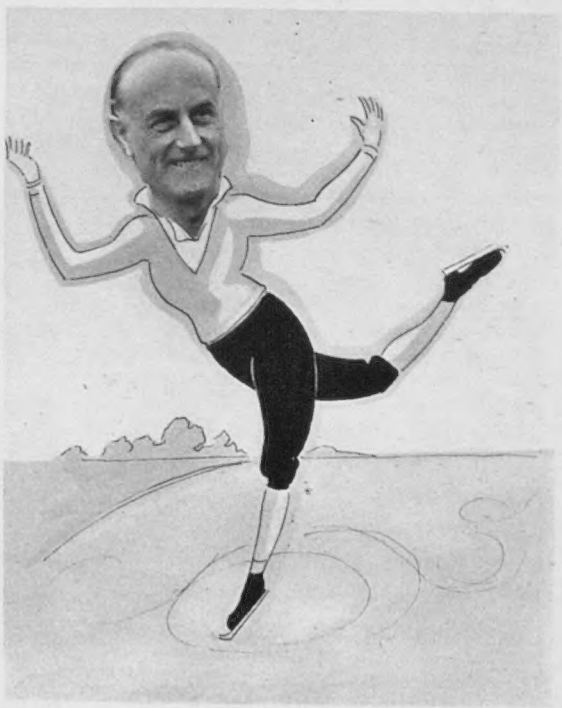
• **SIR SAMUEL HOARE,** who likes ice both in summer and winter, is a first-class skater, a

Viscountess Scarsdale

"She is an excellent housewife"

and his clothes fit without a wrinkle. He has a quick, alive mind, which grasps every point of view. He likes the glamour of adventurism as a relaxation. He loves waltzing on the ice, and has a shy streak of romance in his composition. His dining-room is decorated in aggressively modern colours; his drawing-room is packed with treasures. He is an extremely hard and efficient worker, and yet he is amazingly good at any sport he likes to take up. He has a very good figure for his age, a wife called Maud, no children, and a large following.

• **VISCOUNTESS SCARSDALE,** who is visiting Austria, is châtelaine of one of England's most famous houses, Kedle-



Sir Samuel Hoare

"He loves waltzing on the ice"

ston, in Derbyshire. She is small, suntanned, and very attractive. She has extraordinarily good taste. When the Marquess of Curzon died he had begun to strip the rooms at Kedleston ready for redecoration. At a minimum of cost, Lady Scarsdale and her husband have arranged the house, making it worthy of Adam, its architect. Lady Scarsdale is a good motor-driver; last year she drove her Rolls-Royce alone straight through from Fontainebleau to Cannes. She is a splendid housewife, a devoted mother, a good wife, and a first-class dancer. She has a great many admirers, three daughters, a sense of humour, and a flat in Devonshire House. PETER PEPPER

Highland Tee-Shots

People who Play Golf on the Gleneagles Hotel Course

The Gleneagles season is in full swing, and the golf-course is the place where everyone from the country round about can be found on non-shooting days. Above, on the left, are Mrs. Marshall Field and the Hon. Charles Winn; and, on the right, Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg and Major Pryce Harrison

Below: Lord and Lady Belper and Captain R. G. Cruickshank waiting their turn on the tee. Lady Belper is Lord Belper's second wife, and was the Hon. Angela Tollemache

Above: Mrs. Politzer and Mrs. Armour were two of the "residents"—i.e., staying in the hotel, and not taking a day off from the moors

Right: Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne watching a drive. They and their son and daughter have also been playing golf at North Berwick

The Duke of Algeciras and Mrs. Blair. The Duke is generally to be found on the Gleneagles Hotel Course at this time of the year

Photographs by Arthur Owen

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

Driving for a Change

FOR the space of a whole week I have not been near a racecourse; and for one whose normal week commences at Leicester on Monday and ends with Ally Pally on Saturday, it has been a rare and lovely experience.

A LITTLE while ago I spent a week-end at Le Touquet. I returned rather more jaded than when I had started, after two rough journeys in an aeroplane and two even rougher evenings in the Casino. True, I had not lost money, but it seemed that every barman, waiter, and taxi-driver realised this, and was determined to take it out of me in his own particular racket.

THE past week I have spent at North Berwick, and I have returned feeling a million dollars, and at the same time completely mystified why anyone ever goes to France, where one gets only 83 francs for one's pound, and is fleeced right and left when one's changed it, when one has North Berwick in one's own country.

AT North Berwick the air is better, the golf better, the hotels better—AND cheaper—while the people are incomparably nicer. Furthermore, Continental resorts have an invention of the devil called a Casino, which means one stays up all night in an atmosphere one could cut with a knife, and makes one feel like death the next day.

UNDER the guidance of the great Ben Sayers I have hit the ball straighter and farther than I deemed humanly possible; while I have attained a degree of physical fitness I have not enjoyed for many a long day.

ALL this may seem to have precious little to do with racing, but this is the holiday month, and, although I am not paid to tip you winners, here is one that can't let you down. All you Regulars and Regulasses who feel exhausted from the unequal struggle, and whose right arms are well-nigh paralysed through writing cheques to Ladbroke, Slowburn, Scott Fry, Issy, Mo, and Jack Burns, put away your race-glasses and Form Book for the space of a week and do as I did.

Go and play golf, and drink in air like champagne—only it costs you nothing and leaves no hang-over. Next to backing a winner, the greatest thrill I know is hitting the ball straight down the fairway. It is, I suppose, because of the extreme rarity with which I accomplish these feats that makes them seem so delicious. The advantage of golf is that when you miss the ball it only costs you the hole, and is soon forgotten, while you are reminded of the loser you've backed for weeks and weeks and weeks.

DIFFERENT districts are dedicated to different sports. At Newmarket, of course, everyone just lives for horses and racing; while the racecourse and the limekilns are regarded as sacred, and rubber shoes are worn when promenading on these illustrious stretches of turf.

BARELY weaned, precocious children ride gallops on sixteen-hand horses, while, as soon as it can read, every child is presented with a "Racing Up to Date," and is told that if it doesn't behave itself nicely the fearsome Mr. Marriott will come along and gobble it up.

AT North Berwick, the population lives and breathes golf. Tiny tots leap from their prams and hit the ball an incredible way, and, whereas at Newmarket the greatest punishment that can befall a child is to have its whip taken away, in Scotland the confiscation of its golf clubs is regarded as an even severer penalty.

THE fact that "wee Donald is no hitting the ba' wi' his wooden clubs like he should" causes parents far more concern than when, at Newmarket, little Harold's pony gives a kick and a buck and the little hopeful goes for six. At Newmarket, as I have said before, the bogey is Mr. Marriott; at North Berwick the bogey is a very different kind of ogre, but nevertheless equally formidable.

PRIOR to starting on my holiday, I was reminded of a truism which has often been

Lady Blanche Douglas, the Duke of Beaufort's sister, and Miss Monica Sherriffe, at the Nottingham Summer Meeting

impressed on me: "There ain't no such thing as a certainty in racing." I worked out that Canteener had over a stone in hand at Kempton, but a stone in hand is no better than a pain in the neck when the saddle slips, which is precisely what happened to Canteener.

KEMPTON, though, with its luxurious stands—or perhaps I should call them SITS, as one can actually sit and watch the racing from them—is always good fun, though, much as I enjoyed it, I expect Stanley Wootton liked it better still.

FOUR races went his way, though I'll take a shade of odds that his biggest bet of the meeting was Ardenda colt, who was beaten a head.

A GREAT deal of inquisitive interest was caused by the arrival of a telegram addressed jointly to a very well-known "Regulass" and an equally well-known General. Neither happened to be present, and a rumour got about that they'd eloped. This was supposed to come down from London on the Blower, but, like so many rumours, was the result of someone's kidding.

* * *

WHEN I read of Alec Cottrill's death, I felt that I had not only lost a great friend, but that also a great deal of brightness had gone out of life, for I had known Alec ever since, when a chubby-faced boy of sixteen, he rode his first winner on the King's horse, Bowood.

DURING those years I saw a great deal of him, and never once did I leave him without feeling happier for his companionship. With his boyish smile and youthful ways, Alec had the gift of spreading sunshine wherever he went.

COMPLETELY natural, and possessed of charming manners, Alec always appeared to me as a delightful schoolboy. Open and frank in word and deed, it was impossible to imagine him doing a rotten thing. No wonder Harry was proud of him, for Alec was the type of young man we all hope our sons will grow up to be.

WE who have lost a friend can appreciate to some slight degree what his loss must mean to his parents, who adored him. His short life, though, was a gloriously happy one. Brilliantly successful, he never lived to know sorrow or disillusionment.

Mrs. William Seely, who was Miss Lavender Franklin and married Lord Mottistone's nephew in 1927, walking round at Nottingham with Miss Betty Warrand

The Earl of Huntingdon and his sister, Lady Noreen Bass, discussing the runners in the next race

The Hon. Mrs. Foljambe and the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwaite, Baroness Beaumont's sister, meet and talk in the paddock

Racing in the Midlands

The Nottingham Summer Meeting

The Hon. Lavinia Strutt, Lord Belper's only daughter, and Mlle. Zollinger, watching the numbers being put up

Mr. G. M. Buckley and Miss M. Elliot-Pyle, over from Rufford Abbey; they were staying with Lady Saville

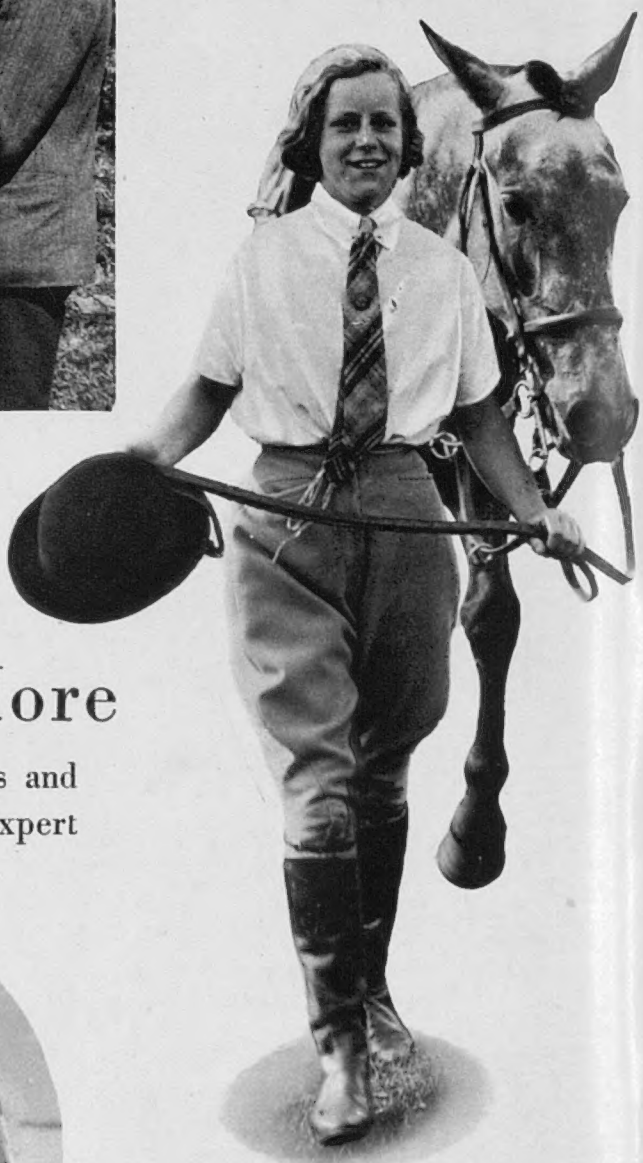
Captain Bell exchanging the news of the day with Mrs. Eaton and her daughter, Miss Helen Eaton

Mrs. James Seely, who was Miss Vera Birkin. The Birkins and the Seelys are Nottinghamshire neighbours

Above : Lord Fermoy, M.P., in his butt on the Glen Ogil moors, where he was shooting with Lord Forres

The Earl of Dalhousie and the Hon. Duthac Carnegie, the Earl of Southesk's youngest son, on the way to their butts on the Glen Esk moors

Below : Miss Marjorie Fryer, who won the flag-picking race in the Meynell Pony Club Gymkhana at Marstone-on-Dove



Moor and More

Guns, Golf Clubs and a Gymkhana Expert

Above : Miss Laura Charteris and Viscount Long of Wraxall, whose engagement was announced last month, on the North Berwick links

Left : the Hon. Guy Charteris, Miss Laura Charteris's father, with his son, Hugo, and his youngest daughter, Mary Rose Charteris

Right : another North Berwick photograph, of the Hon. Ivor and the Hon. Cynthia Guest, Viscount Wimborne's son and younger daughter

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 12

Miss Olga Lynn

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

Olga Lynn stands four-square to the world, and you do not know, sometimes, whether she is sitting up or standing down. When I asked her if she minded my saying this, she said: "Not a bit. You can make fun of my body. I like it. But you mustn't make fun of my mind." Nobody would or could do the latter. The other day Prince George introduced her to someone at a party as "the most amusing woman in London."

Lady Diana Cooper is her very close friend—one of the few people, incidentally, who knows "Oggy's" real name. For "Oggy's" father is an Austrian and she was born in Vienna. It was not until she was twenty, after having studied three years with Jean de Reszke, that she changed her name permanently in the office of her first music agent in Hanover Square. Thereafter she sang in Grand Opera—*Louise* and *Pelleas and Melisande* in particular—gave recitals, and generally sang her way into the heart of the music world and society alike.

After that it was natural for her to turn teacher, and Lily Elsie, José Collins, Nellie Taylor, and many concert singers of note, including Margaret Sheridan and Margaret Elwes, were among her pupils. She has also taught most of London Society. "People think I do nothing but arrange pageants," she will tell you. "That is quite a wrong impression. I *do* arrange them, it is true. But I think they are dreadful affairs. By rights I am a singing teacher, though I don't look it. I owe my beautiful figure to singing, but I hope others won't get like me."

Miss Lynn is proud of the fact that the Aeolus Concerts were entirely her own show—she started them without a penny of backing—and that every year she gets employment for two hundred aspiring artists, not just the stars who get an automatic two hundred guineas a concert.

When her friends are in trouble they always hurry to see her. After the row at the Savoy, both Serge Lifar and Edward James rushed round to her flat in Harrowby Court. "Yes," she says, "I am a kind of unpaid 'Universal Aunt.' One ought to be flattered, but it is often a nuisance, except when it is to do with Art." "Oggy" says she hates middle-class people, but loves peasants and adores peers. She has dark brown eyes and blonde hair. She confesses to being fifty, but would like it to be clearly understood that she is not the Olga Lynn who has been singing in Paris recently. The other Olga Lynn is tall and slim and beautiful, and sings folk songs in Caucasian costume. That is not our "Oggy's" cup of Russian tea at all.

Westminster Whispers

Round the Constituencies: No. 4. Hampshire

By "Big Ben" on Tour

Sketches by David Wilson

HAMPSHIRE sends thirteen Members to Parliament—seven for the county, and six for the boroughs of Portsmouth, Southampton, and Bournemouth. Once upon a time, the old boroughs, swept away by the great Reform Act, like their fellows throughout the length and breadth of the land, had twenty-six representatives, the county only two. There was another time when the boroughs did not bother to elect anybody to represent them, and were quite content for the two county Members to look after their interests. They re-awoke to a sense of their status and responsibility about the end of the sixteenth century.

A HUNDRED years later the Portals were founding their fortune in the paper mills at Laverstock. Later still, the Pitts were living at Strathfield Saye, to be presented by a grateful nation in years to come to the conqueror of Waterloo. Later again, Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister, was riding from Broadlands to London.

Is there any other county in England with so rich and so varied a history as Hampshire—a county of great estates, great houses, great wealth? No wonder that its attraction has proved irresistible for those men, successful in business or finance, who, in their last years, aspire to be equally successful landowners. Maybe its proximity to London has something to do with it; but much more its tradition, which rests, centuries old, in the soil. It gives them a feeling of security in an unstable and speculative world.

HOWEVER vast Southampton, however rich; whatever the boundaries to which octopus Bournemouth extends, the strength and reputation of Hampshire are born in the land which stretches away northwards from the sea towards Romsey and Winchester and Basingstoke.

Is it surprising that the Hampshire people choose Hampshire men to send to Parliament? And that, except for one apathetic lapse in 1923 at Basingstoke, and another in the New Forest in 1906, there has not been a Liberal representing one of the county divisions for nearly fifty years? The Socialists are still regarded with curiosity. Only at Winchester, in 1931, have they once polled more than ten thousand votes. And although Southampton and Portsmouth have both experienced Liberal and Socialist M.P.s, at heart they are Conservative. Bournemouth, of course, is a Tory stronghold.

SIR HENRY PAGE CROFT has sat for Bournemouth since 1918, when the constituency was created. Previously, from 1910, he sat for Christchurch. He fought his first election at Lincoln in 1906 for the same principles that he upholds to-day, for he is the sincerest and most consistent man in politics. "I have spent some thirty years with one creed," he said last May, "and that is to make the British Empire strong and united." His advocacy of his own beliefs has probably kept him out of office, for he dislikes compromise; and the two go hand-in-hand.

ALL that he did in his fight for Protection has been forgotten in what he is doing now in his fight for India. There were no rewards for him, to whom, as much as to anyone, the victory was due; only the charge of splitting the Party he has faithfully served all his life.

CHRISTCHURCH, coupled since 1918 with the New Forest, was for ten years represented by Colonel Ashley, now Lord Mount-Temple, who, after sixteen years as a Lancashire Member, ended his days in the Commons as Member for his own county. When he was Minister of Transport it was proposed to abolish his Department, a suggestion which to-day is almost incredible. On his becoming a peer, the powers-that-be had ideas as to whom should succeed him in what is regarded

as a safe seat, but the Division took matters into their own hands and chose for themselves Major Mills, son of a Hampshire man, who has lived in the constituency all his life. Major Mills has justified their choice.

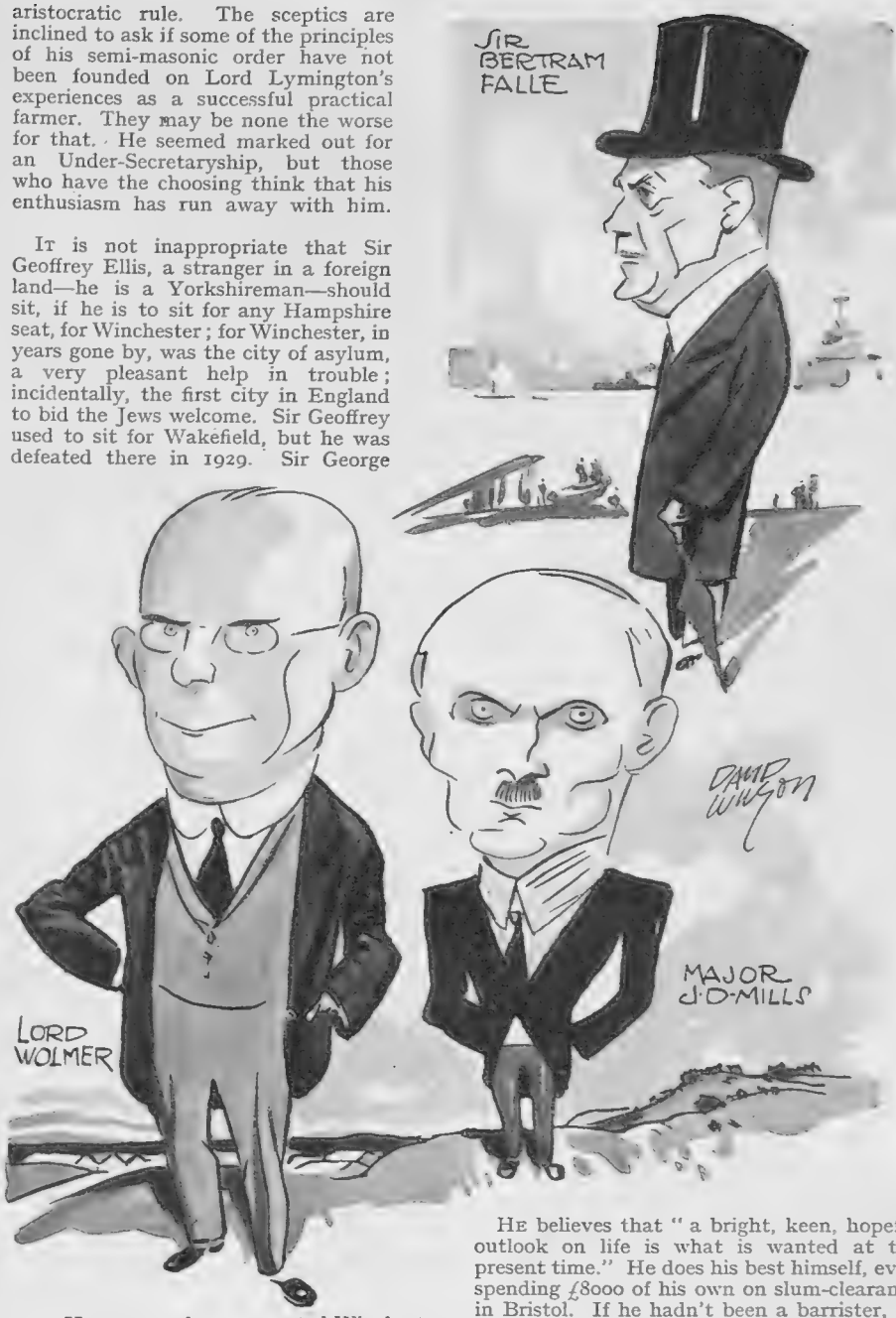
Colonel Nicholson, who has been M.P. for Petersfield since 1897, and whose long service was recognised by his Privy Councillorship in 1925; Lord Lymington, the Member for Basingstoke; and Lord Wolmer, who sits for Aldershot, are all Hampshire men. Lord Wolmer's father, Lord Selborne, used to sit for Petersfield as a Liberal; one can hardly believe it—he himself is such a true-blue Tory. But, then, his mother was a Cecil. Family influence worked wonders.

In an article on Mr. Baldwin, not so long ago, Lord Wolmer wrote: "Lord Salisbury ruled England for twenty years, not by preaching and practising defeatism, but by upholding the ideals of Toryism before the British democracy." And he says: "The post-war world is not looking for sloppy Liberalism: what it wants is good government." This is the creed that he has taken for his own, and he is fearless in its defence.

He may or may not get office again. His Post Office campaign, though successful, did him no good. On India, too, he is an ally of Sir Henry Page Croft, and it is the way of fate that he should have succeeded as Director of the Navy, Army, and Air Force Institutes—Lord Irwin! When he was forty-two, Mr. Baldwin said that he had still to reach the age of discretion. He must sometimes wonder whether age really has anything to do with it at all.

Lord Lymington is thirty-five. He began his political career in 1929, but he has already attracted around him a band of devoted young men, known collectively as the English Mistery, who seek the ideal of aristocratic rule. The sceptics are inclined to ask if some of the principles of his semi-masonic order have not been founded on Lord Lymington's experiences as a successful practical farmer. They may be none the worse for that. He seemed marked out for an Under-Secretaryship, but those who have the choosing think that his enthusiasm has run away with him.

It is not inappropriate that Sir Geoffrey Ellis, a stranger in a foreign land—he is a Yorkshireman—should sit, if he is to sit for any Hampshire seat, for Winchester; for Winchester, in years gone by, was the city of asylum, a very pleasant help in trouble; incidentally, the first city in England to bid the Jews welcome. Sir Geoffrey used to sit for Wakefield, but he was defeated there in 1929. Sir George Hennessy, who represented Winchester from 1918, decided to give up after 1929, and Mr. Duff Cooper was chosen to succeed him. He went off to win the great battle of St. George's, Westminster—Baldwin versus Beaverbrook—and Sir Geoffrey dropped in.



As Chairman of the National Council of Conservative Associations, he should have presided at the recent Party meeting on India, but a sudden illness relieved him of that ordeal. Not that he had anything to fear. He would have done his job as Chairman as capably as he has done everything in his life. He is a good Party man; he was made a baronet two years ago; as orthodox in his political views as he is as a banker and industrialist.

Sir Thomas Inskip is not a Hampshire man, either. He comes from Bristol, for which he used to be Member. But they forsook him in 1929. Fareham, at a by-election, took him in, and in 1931 returned him unopposed. He has had the extraordinary experience of being Solicitor-General three times and Attorney-General twice. It has made no difference to him.

He believes that "a bright, keen, hopeful outlook on life is what is wanted at the present time." He does his best himself, even spending £8000 of his own on slum-clearance in Bristol. If he hadn't been a barrister, he would like to have been a schoolmaster. He would have made a strict one.

I don't know what Captain Peter Macdonald thinks about that. He brings an air of holiday into the Commons from the Isle of Wight, as though he is as happy as the day is long. He is a sociable Member; here, there, and everywhere. In the House his thirst for information is insatiable, so much so that one Minister suggested the Island should be given Dominion status and self-government.

Sir Charles Barrie, at Southampton, and Sir Herbert Cayzer, at Portsmouth, are both, appropriately, shipowners. Sir Charles's colleague, Mr. Craven Ellis, is one of the few Members who still insists on calling himself Nationalist without any Party label. Sir Bertram Falle, in spite of a photograph of himself in a bowler hat on his election address, has been at Portsmouth since 1910. Mr. Beaumont, who won the seat in 1931, has already made a name for himself in his work for the dockyard.

Next Week:
SUSSEX

At the Theatre

John Tilley *Eric Gray*

As he appears at the Windmill Theatre, where he is "resident" comedian, in the character of Miss Pring, candidate for the Brewery Division of Little Ditsworthy in the Quarterns

A "Resident" Comedian

WHEN, many years ago, the London Coliseum opened its doors for the first time, the policy was non-stop entertainment; and, unless memory plays false, this began at the dreadful hour of eleven-thirty, which to those placed early on the programme must have been almost as devastating as eight o'clock in the morning to the murderer in the condemned cell.

This early opening was a complete failure, and its only claim to immortality was that Pelissier's "Follies" satirised it with mordant wit and humour. And no wonder it failed! Consider the lot of a comedian attempting to be funny at so ghastly an hour, had an audience been so misguided as to pay money to listen to him. His efforts to amuse would have been as coldly received as the house-party pest who is brightly facetious at breakfast!

WISER in their generation, non-stop entertainments now start at a more reasonable hour. Most of them do not open their doors till two o'clock at the earliest; but, though there is unanimity here, the managerial policy of these houses is not always the same. Three out of the four offering this form of show are constantly changing their artistes, but at the Windmill Theatre, which claims to be the pioneer, though changes are made, there is one on the bill who is called—correctly we think—"resident"; for, if you have to be on hand between two o'clock and midnight, or thereabouts, for six days a week, for eighteen months on end, the description can hardly be considered inaccurate. This "resident" is John Tilley, and he can only be seen at the Windmill, where he has made a big name for himself at this little theatre as an admirable comedian. Perhaps it is unfair to call him this, because the word "comedian" is also employed to designate some dreadfully dull dogs whose staple dish of humour is redolent of drink and infidelity. It would be more accurate, therefore, to say that John Tilley is an actor. Quiet and confidential in his method, he does not have to raise his voice to raise a laugh, and this method is exactly suited to so intimate a house as the Windmill. Quite apart from his restraint, Tilley's humour is founded upon observation not only of character, but of the foibles of the day, which is—or should be—the essence of revue.

IN his latest character-sketch the actor appears as an elderly and somewhat untidy dame—can she be a D.B.E.?—addressing a political meeting and espousing the cause of the Woman's Rational Party. What the aims and objects of that party may be are not made clear, thanks to the fact that the speaker is *so* anxious for us to know that her grandfather had a title and was Quartermaster-General at the time of the Crimean War, when our gallant soldiers "had only one pair of boots and one coat in all that rain." It was snow, to be exact, but accuracy is not the speaker's strong suit.

It is only by inference that we learnt that the gallant soldier had been in sore trouble with the authorities—"After all, what *are* a few thousands?"—and that things had come to a head—"fifteen years is such a long time."

It is first-class fooling of the subtle brand, and the only complaint to be made is that in the whole programme there is only ten minutes or so of John Tilley—and it seems less. Two turns in each of the Windmill shows would be doubly popular with the audience, if not with John Tilley.

Other artistes entertain with singing and playing, and there are generally a couple of sketches included in the bill of fare. There are also ballets of sorts, where the "corps" show that they possess beautiful bodies; but these are so lightly clad that they merely create envy, and no surprise would be felt if, on one of these hot August days, a male member of the audience did a turn on his own, and, in a spirit of emulation, divested himself of his garments and gave a realistic impersonation of the Achilles statue in Hyde Park.

Delirious Dialogues: No. 23. Beverley Nichols and President von Hindenburg

(Depicted by Bovey)

B.: *Perhaps you can give a lucid reason why people go to war?*

H.: *Easily. To protect the Fatherland.*

B.: *But if the Fatherland is the aggressor?*

H.: *That is impossible. One's own Fatherland is never the aggressor.*

B.: *Then you think it great and glorious to die for one's country?*

H.: *Certainly.*

B.: *Yet you are over ninety and still live!*

H.: *That is my misfortune—not my fault. Have you no respect for grey hairs?*

B.: *None. I prefer platinum blondes. Don't you know me? I am Beverley Nichols.*

H.: *The name is not as familiar as your manners.*

B.: *Oh, come, come! I have just written a book denouncing war. "Live and let live" is my motto.*

H.: *Then may I adopt the language of diplomacy and say that, in your case, je ne vois pas la nécessité? Adieu.*

A Cannes Queen in her Castle

Miss Maxime Elliott Entertains at her Villa

Above: Lady Castlerosse comes far enough out of the swimming-bath to have her photograph taken. She was staying at the Château de l'Horizon, Miss Maxime Elliott's lovely Cannes villa

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Beck and Lord Portarlington sun-bathing by the pool. Mrs. Beck is Lord Glenconner's sister; she and her husband were both staying with Miss Maxime Elliott. Lord Portarlington is a regular in the South of France at this time of year

Left: Princesse Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge was another guest at the Château de l'Horizon, and matched the swimming-pool in decorativeness in her grey bathing-dress. She was formerly Miss "Baba" d'Erlanger

In and Out of the Water

Above: the Duke of Sutherland waiting to go down the water-chute, which runs from the swimming-pool to the sea

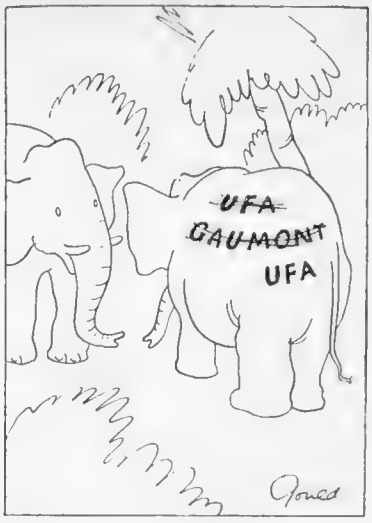
Above: Lady Mendl and Mrs. Hays Morgan, who is Lady Furness's sister-in-law, talking to Miss Maxime Elliott (in the pool, back to camera) and Lady Portarlington. Sir Charles and Lady Mendl have taken the cottage in the garden at the Château de l'Horizon

Left: Mr. James Beck, resisting, at any rate for the moment, the temptations both of swimming and sun-bathing, sits peacefully in the shade of an umbrella

• STANDING • BY . . .

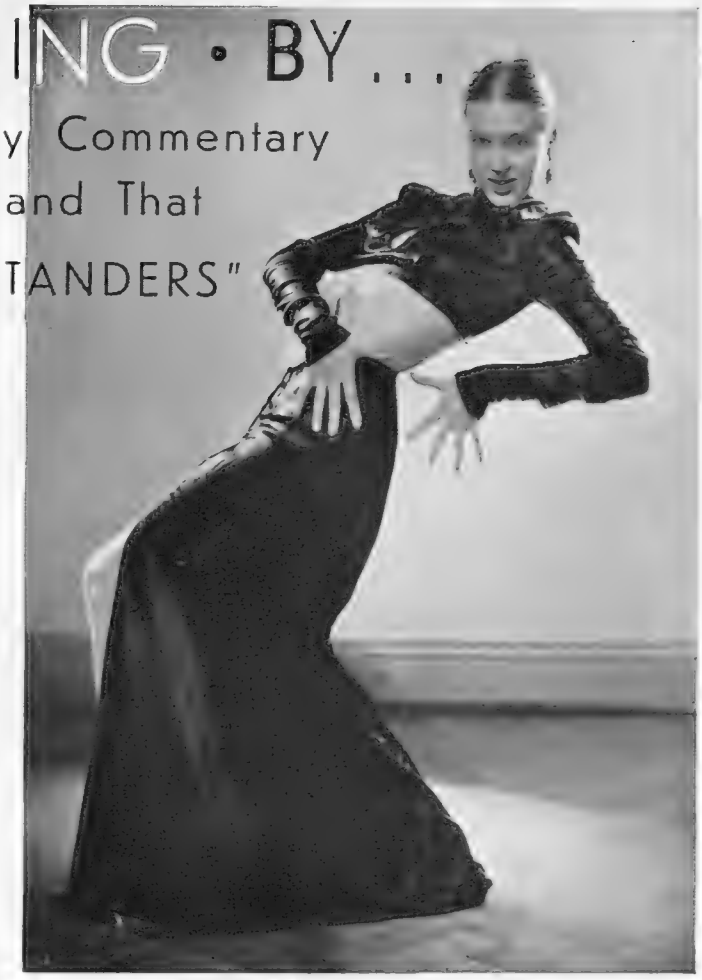
A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"



Our Nature Study Department

"Yep, I'm back with the old crowd"



Right: Phyllis Stanley in a "rumba" pose. She is now singing and dancing in cabaret at the Trocadero. She appeared in "The Miracle" last year at the Lyceum, and understudied Tilly Losch

Phyllis Stanley Sasha

DESPITE the relentless advance of Science, the brass sections of chic dance-orchestras still use bowler hats to obtain that certain "muted" effect. Science—bless it!—may go plodding along among its retorts, Bunsen burners, blue prints, and stuffed crocodiles (or is that alchemy?), but no one, so far, has discovered a mute more elegant, more exact, more entirely adequate to its purpose than the bowler. Certain virtuosi of Jazz paint their hats with gold or silver. This, we learn, is not done to improve the acoustics of the hat; merely for swank. Musing the other day among the apparatus of a temporarily absent dance-band, we studied the linings of the three hats there; thought, maybe, we might discover the name of the hatter who specialises in fitting trombones. This piece of research proved unprofitable. One hat was by Lincoln Bennett, another by a Mr. Harris, of Old Compton Street, in the quarter of Soho. The third came all the way from Birmingham—not Al., but War.

THE fact that Mlle. Mistinguett, whose legs were formerly insured for a cool £20,000, has renewed her insurance for only £10,000 has worried us a whole lot. "What," we asked ourselves gloomily, "is implied by this 'nervousness' in the Leg Market?" Does Mistinguett actually consider her leg value to have depreciated by fifty per cent? As men who have been valuing legs for insurance companies for years, we beg to assure "Mis" that she is quite wrong; her legs are still worth every penny of £20,000. Have leg policies suddenly doubled in cost? Will Mistinguett's example be followed by Jeanne Aubert and other proprietors of precious limbs? In cutting her policy so drastically, whatever the reason, Mistinguett has not behaved like une bonne française (a good Frenchwoman); with the financial world as jumpy as it is at present, her action might have precipitated a crisis on the Bourse, sent the franc tumbling, and generally played Old Harry with world prosperity.

FREAK insurances are many and various. They would, we dare wager, make a pretty story for this exhausted department, so next time we're around Lloyd's we'll drop in and ask. Jimmy ("Schnozzle") Durante has for some time been a-dickering with an insurance company to have his famous nose "covered." Bing Crosby has insured his voice. Best of the lot, though, was Ben Turpin, who at one time used to insure for $100,000 against his eyes coming uncrossed! You remember Ben? Great man in the Keystone era. We hear that he's now running a night-club in San Francisco. If this is true, he'd better renew that policy. If there's one thing calculated to uncross a guy's eyes, it's running a night-club in San Francisco.

Sasha

A new portrait of Victoria Hopper, whose brilliant performance in "Martine" made her name. She will be appearing in Basil Dean's autumn programme at the Cambridge Theatre

A FRIEND of ours recently showed us a letter he'd received from his pretty—an action which might not have passed muster in circles where ladies' names are never, never mentioned in the Mess, but which entertained us, nevertheless. Girl, it appeared from the letter, was pretty mad with our friend; said he'd treated her love lightly and she would on this account never speak to him again. He didn't seem the least bit worried, so we asked him what the hell. He replied that he still loved her and didn't believe she was as worked up as she'd tried to make out:

the letter was too carefully punctuated to have been written in the heat of the bitter moment. We looked again and so it was! Why, she 'd even used those three little full-stops in the more emotional paragraphs; you know the ones . . . those dots . . . ugh! . . . Mr. Wells uses a whole lot of them.

Left: Carl Brisson taking himself for a ride down the water-chute at the Walton-on-Thames swimming-pool. He is working down there on a film called "Two Hearts in Waltz-Time"

Below: Bertha Riccardo, who is making a big success as Fifi Fricot, and Gerald Seymour as Harry Bronson, in the revival of "The Belle of New York," at the Garrick

THAT gay fellow J. A. Forsyth, who criticises music for the *Star*, will be hearing from the rest of the critical faculty, including Dean Fox Strangways, if he 's not careful. For years it has been customary for music critics to write about their subject in the dreariest and most technical style possible—in order, we can only suppose, to remind ordinary people that music has nothing whatever to do with them, so keep off the grass. Most music criticism is so dry that, beside it, a puff cracknel (pffff!) would taste like a baba au rhum. Mr. Forsyth, on the other hand, writes about music as though it were a humanly pleasurable topic. Of a Piccaver record, he says: "He sings this sort of stuff jolly well." "Some people," he affirms, "adore *Mignon*, and others cannot stick it at any price"; while "anybody in search of two tophole waltzes cannot do better than buy—etc., etc." We crown Mr. Forsyth with a wreath of bay, but feel faintly nervous on his behalf.

SOMETHING very precious vanished when the Brighton Corporation decided to banish the peep-shows from the pier. Scarcely able to imagine Brighton without peep-shows, we travelled down one day last week to check up on the situation. Only two shows remained, as far as we could see: pathetic survivors, both huddled away in a corner. They were "Miss Susie" and "Our Night-Club Girl," and, as connoisseurs will recall, far from being outstanding examples of the genre. Peep-shows (for your information, if you have never gazed into one) are automatic devices into which, after inserting a penny, you peered restlessly, your eye being greeted by a series of scenes of a more or less worldly order. Shows fell into two classes: those in which a series of pictures tumbled rapidly past the eye, giving an impression of movement in the manner of the cinematograph, and those in which the pictures fell slowly, one after the other, thus approximating to the magic lantern. Care had to be taken not to peer too avidly at the show, the metal eye-piece being apt to leave its impression on the skin of the face, thus revealing to the astute observer the manner in which you had passed your afternoon. It was a desolate experience to visit Brighton without being able to look in on "Paris Pleasures" or "What the Butler Saw."

Sir James Barrie falls into an angler's reverie, or perhaps he is thinking wistfully of the condemned Adelphi. He is in Scotland, having a fishing holiday at Balnaboth, near Kirriemuir

La Belle Parisienne and a Beau

"Throw him back, Chivers. No one will believe it, anyway"

IT is absurd to maintain (as the Brighton councillors would no doubt maintain) that, in an age when there is so much undressing, public and private, the penny peep-show has become redundant. We ourselves see as much undressing, public and private, as the next man, but have yet to discover living, modern girls as luscious, as rounded, as truly feminine as those who used to handle a risqué shawl or paper sunshade in the old peep-shows. In those days, girls *were* girls, even if a little jaundiced by the effect of daylight upon the daguerreotype. We left the pier sadly, as men who have attended the funeral of Youth. The sight of the man who carves crocodiles out of sand cheered us a little. We summoned a wan smile; threw him a sixpence—tribute to his immutability.

MANY years ago, as brats, we attended a kindergarten conducted by a lady who had been a friend of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and as such had frequently taken tea, and, no doubt, cylinders of thin bread and butter, with Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, William Morris, and the rest of the gang. That school of hers, in a plain house in a dull road, was organised on the model of King Arthur's Court. Each child was given a name out of Mallory, the names being shuffled round at the end of term. The highest Arthurian principles — honour, courage, gentleness to women, and what-not—were inculcated in the pupils, who took luncheon together at a Round Table of stencilled deal. We ourselves were in turn Sir Perceval, Sir Palamides, and Sir Garwain. It was all fairly silly, but Mafeking had lately been relieved and things were fairly silly anyway. We children wove baskets, danced morris dances (there were, praise be, no eurythmics yet, or we should certainly have performed them!) modelled in clay, illuminated manuscripts—did, in fact, everything calculated to turn us into the coarse Philistines we have since become. There was one thing, we remember, that never ceased to puzzle our pre-Raphaelite headmistress: when the names were dealt out for the term, everyone in the school wanted to be either Sir Launcelot or Queen Guinevere, with a few offers for Tristram and Iseult, whereas the two pure ones, Sir Galahad and the Lily Maid of Astolat, were a perennial drug in the market.

WE seldom cater for golfers in this department, holding that they talk enough about golf, anyway, without needing to have non-golfers chip in. We must, however, refer, in passing, to Ralph Kennedy, of the Eagle Pencil Company. This Mr. Kennedy, we are informed by that sly compendium of practically useless information, the *New*

VIVE LE SPORT!

No. 6.—Walter Lindrum

WHENEVER I finish a break of eight
By failing to sink the red,
I do not indulge in a Hymn of Hate
Or hang my diminished head,
But hurry away to Leicester Square
If Walter Lindrum is playing there,
And, taking a seat, I stare and stare
At Walter the Wizard instead.

I sit and I gaze at the shots he makes
And wonder just what can be
The secret of all those tremendous breaks
That never are known to me,
Whose wrists are weak and whose eyes both slant
So much that I find that I really can't
Keep up a run à la Charley's Aunt,
For I seldom score more than three.

But Lindrum has such a convincing style
Of making the hardest pot
And cannon seem simple, I vow that I'll
Try a last despairing shot;
Then, back at my table, I grab my cue
And trying a shot he can always do,
I cut it too fine (and I cut the cloth, too)!—
Am I a Lindrum? I'm NOT!

B. W.

Mr. T. W. Pascoe Rutter and some of his guests at a garden-party at Combe Ridge House, his home at Kingston. The party was given to celebrate Mr. Rutter's sixty years' association with the London and Lancashire Insurance Company, of which he is Governor

Aldershot Personalities.—No. 7

Major-Gen. E. Evans, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., i/c Administration

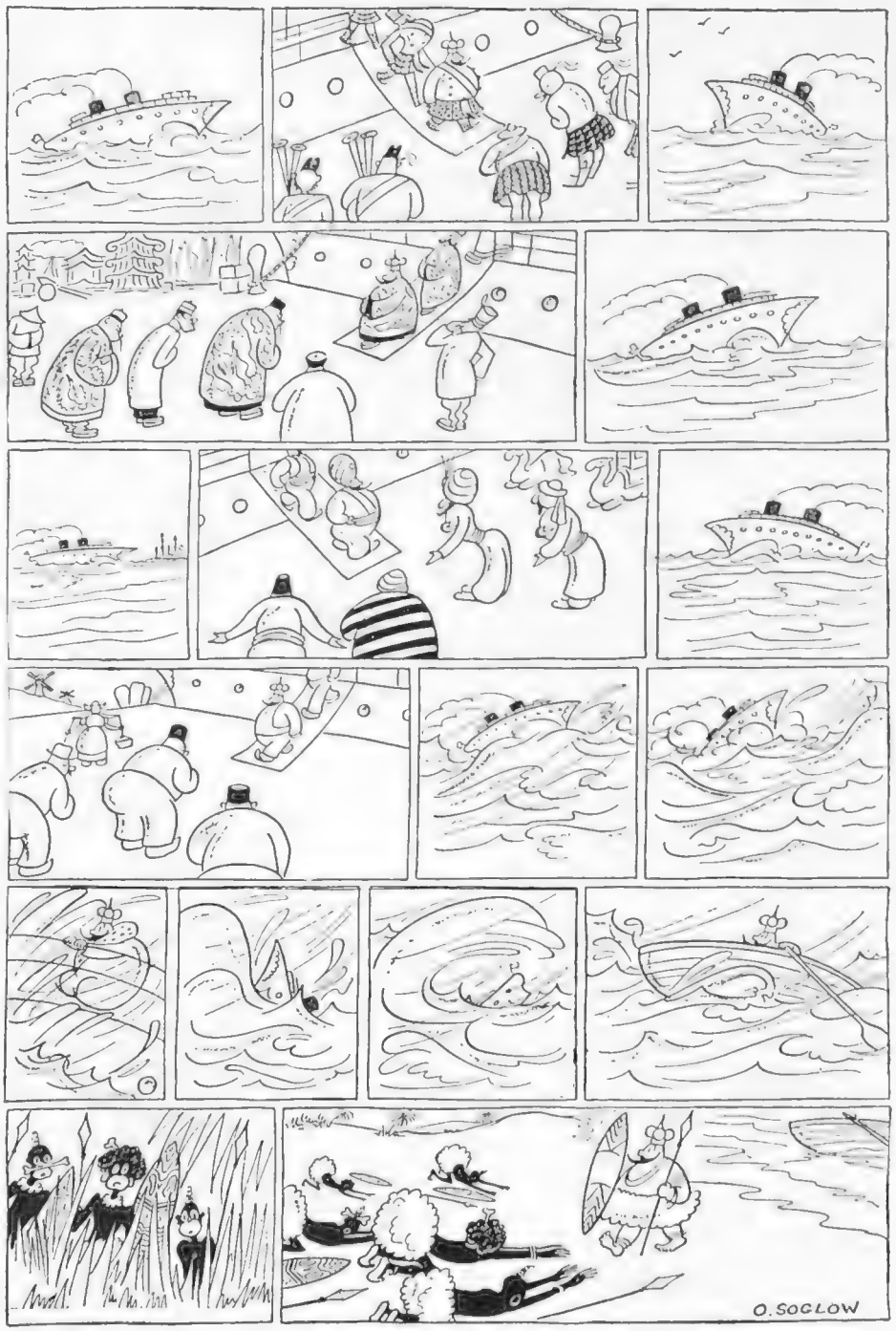
Left:
"The Bystander" Cruise

This is the seventh of the series of twenty "Bystander" Cruise photographs to be published, in which one of the passengers on the Red Star liner s.s. Lapland is "spotted" and may claim a lucky guinea by writing in, giving name and address. The passenger whose head is ringed gets the guinea

Yorker, has played over more golf-courses than any other man alive. Around April he mopped up his 1085th course; expected to lift his total to 1100 by mid-June. It has taken him twenty-three years to reach these figures. Men like Hagen and Kirkwood are mere tyros compared with Kennedy; have barely touched the five hundred mark. Last winter, in Bermuda, he played on six courses in two days, walking thirty miles in the process. Another time he played in four States on the same day, finishing up in half-darkness, with a line of caddies to watch the ball and show him the way to the hole. In the whole of his career Mr. Kennedy has only once holed out in one. He hasn't played over here yet, but hopes to get across as soon as business looks up.

THE Out-Patients' Department at a London hospital had some trouble recently with a good lady who was convinced she was the victim of cancer. Lady would not believe the doctors when they assured her this was not so. In the end she became so irksome that they offered to take an X-ray photograph to reassure her. "Have you ever been X-rayed?" they asked. "X-rayed?" replied the lady. "Never! But," she added brightly, "I've been ultra-violated!"

ONE of the most bizarre side-shows at the Chicago World's Fair is, so returning fair-goers affirm, the Odditorium, a mammoth display of freaks. Choice exhibits there include a four-legged negress, a woman who lifts weights with her eyelids, a man who sews buttons on his legs—which sounds a tough feat, though Vivian Burberry, now with H.M. Legation in Athens, used once upon a time to run threaded needles through his cheek at parties. The Odditorium is said to be the most dignified freak show ever known; academic chaps in white suits and yachting-caps stand around delivering thoughtful lectures on the oddities. A popular performer is Kanichka the Swallower. He will swallow anything, including a watch and chain or an electric bulb on a cord which shines through his throat on its way down. Funny thing is that, the other day, when ordered to take two aspirins for a cold, Kanichka nearly choked himself trying to get the tablets down! THE BYSTANDERS.



Here He Is Again!

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The Greater Thrill?

I OFTEN wonder if we who write about golf have a proper appreciation of values when, week after week, we confine ourselves to writing about those whose names are household words, and whose performances on the links are to the great majority nothing short of miraculous. It is perfectly true that these great men, whether amateurs or professionals, often achieve feats which cry out for appreciation in print; and it is equally true that the great competitions of the year, such as the Amateur and the Open Championships, are obvious subjects not merely for one, but for several articles. This is undoubtedly right, because everyone who plays golf wants to know all about these Championships, and often the only manner in which information can be obtained is by reading about the doings of those who are competing.

My quarrel is not with the reports of these great events; it seems to me that when an ordinary open tournament, perhaps played under handicap, is being contested on the links of some not-so-very-distinguished club, we who are scribes are very apt to pay undue attention to the low scores made by the low-handicap players, and to take very little interest in the high scores made by the high-handicap players, even if, after handicap adjustment, these scores become lower than the handicapping committee concerned anticipated.

I SUPPOSE it is only natural that, when one is sitting by the club-house fire (or empty grate, according to the time of year), it is far more interesting to listen to the story of how a plus man took six than to the story of how an eighteen handicap player accomplished the same hole with the same result. In the first place, the plus man's figures inevitably entail the recounting of some disaster. Perhaps he drove straight down the middle of the course and placed a second within a few yards of the green, and then, in a moment of mental aberration, lifted his head and struck the ball firmly on the sole of his number 6 (*b*), the initial mistake enabling him to have an excellent view of the ball scuttling across the green into a bunker beyond. Perhaps then his plus qualities reasserted themselves, and from the sand he placed the ball within three feet of the hole. A sigh of relief escapes him, his blanched face recovers a little of its normal hue; he takes his putter from his caddie with the feeling that, although it should have been a four, a five is not so bad, and at least has given him the opportunity of showing the spectators what a recovery shot from a bunker really should be like. He goes up to his putt brimful of confidence and carelessness and strikes the ball so that it does not even lip the hole. Well . . . that all makes a story, and we who have some difficulty in writing the thousands of words on golf which we have to every week leap upon it, secure in the knowledge that our golfing public, like all other sporting publics, is ghoulish by nature and will be delighted to read about this great man's discomfiture.

BUT does this make a better story than the hole done in similar figures by a man to whom a six is an exception in quite the reverse way?

Let us follow his exploits from tee to green. It is the last hole, we will say, that is being played. It is a tournament open to all, and played under handicap. Some unkind friend has met our golfer on the last tee and told him that, with the allowance of his handicap, he has only to do a six in order to win. No one else knows about it; there is no following gallery, for no one has considered the rabbit as a possibility, but his great moment has arrived and he knows it. He must rise to the occasion now or never, for he has no illusions about his golf: up to this point he has played a good three strokes better than he has ever played before; but he knows, from painful experience, that in every good round he has ever played there has always been one of those major disasters which are irretrievable . . . and so far in this round that bad hole has not yet occurred. Our rabbit takes his stance on the tee, and to outward appearances it is just as awkward as normally, but to him it feels positively ridiculous. He cannot get his feet in the right places, his grip somehow feels odd. Suddenly, in a passion of wrought-up tenseness, he positively leaps at his ball, forgetting every rule which his professional has for years attempted to instil into that part of his brain reserved for golf. The ball flies low and straight for a bunker on the right, but he has hit it so indifferently that it fails to reach it. That is thrill number one.

Mr. Rabbit approaches his ball with the feeling that, after all, Providence may be on his own side. He tells himself that looseness, after all, is all that counts; that every good golfer he has ever seen swings easily and confidently. He remembers that, only on the previous evening, when out practising he hit several good shots through sheer carelessness; he wonders if he dare risk it on this all-important occasion? As he approaches his ball he bravely decides that he will; carelessly, he turns to his caddie and demands a brassie without even looking at the lie. He takes up his stance determined to swing almost at once, but as he does so he notices the ball is very slightly cupped. Normally, he would not hesitate, but would just slog at it, but this is a competition; more, it is a competition which he is liable to win. He becomes a little doubtful, his muscles become strained, his feet won't go into the right places again, and his fingers feel much too long. He has determined, however, not to look up this time. When he does he realises that he has not carried the hazard in front of his nose.

In a passion of mental anguish, he enters the bunker and hits probably the best shot out of any bunker that he ever played in his life. Again the brassie; he hits it this time—it finishes short of the green, but this was about all that he could expect. He plays his fifth, in his excitement scarcely knowing what he is doing, and it runs three yards or so beyond the hole. That is the end, as far as he is concerned; the best he can now hope for is a tie, and he knows what will happen in the play off. But he is determined to give himself the outside chance; the ball must reach the hole. He hits it; it jumps pleasantly towards the hole, strikes the back of the tin, leaps into the air and descends out of sight. He 's won!

Now, who got the greater thrill?

Right: General Sir Archibald Cameron, G.O.C. Scottish Command, driving from the fourth tee on the North Berwick links

Q. Gold, J. S. Mellor, Sir Archibald Gold, and Gordon Chapman, four of the competitors at the Sheringham Golf Club Open Summer Meeting

Music and all That . . .

Present "Proms" and Future Opera

By "Melos"

"And then they say we 're not a musical nation!" is a cliché which is apt to be uttered whenever a large audience assembles for a more rather than less serious musical occasion.

In the case of the Promenade Concerts, whose 39th season has just started, it is justified. It is, I suppose, possible to argue that, if the audiences of all the "Proms" in the course of the whole season were to be lumped together, they would form but a small fraction of the whole British race, or even of that part of it which is interested in, say, professional football. But for the support of any form of artistic endeavour, it *is* a large and satisfying fraction. No other nation, not even musical Germany, and certainly not unmusical France, has anything to compare with the "Proms," particularly with the enthusiasm of those who take their music standing, and, wedged immobile, will listen to Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms on a hot night.

The B.B.C. Orchestra is this year a fine one. It has not yet quite the glitter and the mobility of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, which Sir Thomas Beecham polished up into an almost incomparable instrument in an extraordinarily short space of time. But it would rank high among the Continental orchestras.

Mrs. Adrian Morgan Squire is the only daughter of Sir Richard Terry, the famous composer of Church music; her marriage to Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Squire's younger son took place last Monday at St. James's, Spanish Place

Our very non-insular enthusiasts, who flock to the Queen's Hall whenever the Berlin Philharmonic visits us, and who keep away from any British symphony concert, will not agree with this; but that will neither alter my conviction nor keep me awake o' nights.

It is not insularity which makes me suggest that the programme for the opening might have had a little more home flavour about it. The French element was rather too much to the fore. That was a pity, not because Sir Henry Wood is not as good a hand as any at unravelling Ravel, but because we do not want large chunks of Ravel and Debussy on the same programme, though there are certain important differences in their styles. And Lalo, whose "Symphonie Espagnole" has been rather done to death in London of late, since it is the main "party-piece" of the Ballet orchestra at the Alhambra, is a second-rater, anyway.

Professor Grigori Makaroff is the well-known Russian singer who used to belong to the Russian Imperial Opera Company. His dog, Lady, is ten years old, but can still sing and dance; her owner bought her in the Caledonian Market for five shillings

The vastness of the crowds for Wagner on the usual Monday night proved (and will continue to prove) that "even when it is good they like it." In some miraculous way the horns did not wobble and the general standard was very high indeed.

Sir Henry's Wagner is always sound and often a great deal more than that. I would much prefer him at Covent Garden to some of the German conductors we occasionally see there; and he would have more regard for both tradition and the singers than a certain eminent English one. But I have heard Sir Henry declare that he will never again be concerned with opera, and doubtless he has his good reasons. He had a dose of it when a young man, though there must be very few now who remember him as an operatic conductor.

Covent Garden, by the way, is a queer and lonely place nowadays. I have just walked across the vast, bare stage—the scenery has been removed to store—and through the equally bare auditorium, for the seats and carpets have gone. But this does not mean that the old place is to be demolished; rather the reverse, for the clean-out has been made partly to save rates and partly in preparation for the forthcoming alterations. Workmen are already busy on the Bow Street façade, and, though operatic syndicates are apt to do foolish things, they do not spend money on doomed buildings.

Besides, Mr. Charles Moore, who is in the shoes of the late Colonel Blois, pays frequent and busy visits from his home among the Italian lakes; Mr. Percy Eales, who has been part and parcel of the old place for years and years and years, still sits in an office, moustache and all; and the managerial Mr. Nightingale still chirps gaily and capably.

There are difficulties, of course. But I believe that a season of grand opera at Covent Garden next year is as certain as mortal things can be. The aforesaid difficulties arise partly from the familiar operatic situation of A not getting on with B, and C not liking a friend of A, and D squabbling with everyone except E; and partly from the fact that Mr. Philip Hill, of the Covent Garden Estates, owners of the property, who is the Big Noise (though not a musical one), recently made a kindly and sympathetic reference to the theatre's traditions and hoped that opera would continue there.

That was very nice of him, but it rather spiked the guns of those who were about to embark on a militant save-Covent-Garden-for-opera crusade—in other words, to form a syndicate to buy the place in the Cause of Patriotism and Art. For Mr. Hill obstinately refuses to be a vandal and insists on displaying a Soul above Business.

But all may yet be well. Meanwhile, there is some idea, I believe, of patching the theatre up sufficiently to hold the annual winter dance-season there. Which may be unromantic, but pulls in a most desirable "bit of the ready."

Mark Hambourg, who, early in the year, nearly succumbed to a serious illness, is now his cheery self again and is playing not only golf, but the piano. He has resumed his recitals and has also found time to visit the ballet at the Alhambra and to beam genially from a box at the superb grace of Mlle. Riabouchinska, Mlle. Baronova, and other less-pronounceable fellow-Russians.

But when he arrived at a West Country town, after a journey of five hours in a train without a restaurant car, and, dashing for a morsel of lunch before he was due at the concert-hall, was told, at 2.5 p.m., that he could not buy a drink, he did not beam at all.

What a strange land of hope and glory is ours, in which cricket enthusiasts may drink all day at Lord's, as may those who attend boot, grocery, farming, and other exhibitions at the Agricultural Hall, or who journey up and down the Thames on a little steamer; but for wilting pianists about to tackle Chopin and Beethoven, alcoholic aid is (at 2.5 p.m.) verboten.

Sir Henry Hadow has written much on musical subjects, including a life of Haydn. With his dictum that the speed menace has entered into music, I fully agree. Except that speed in music does not kill people along the high roads, it is sufficiently serious. It kills all beauty and proportion. Lots of conductors rush things along under the impression that they are giving a "new reading," and therefore doing something rather wonderful. Lots of pianists do the same thing; some because they have too much technique, and want to flash it about; others, because they have not enough technique, get flurried and think they can cover up the many notes by a camouflage of terrific pace. In each case there is a lack of artistry that is disastrous.

This time the English film magnates have not let the Americans steal a march on them, as they did over "Cavalcade"; the screen version of "Bitter Sweet" has been made over here, with Ivy St. Helier in her original part, and Anna Neagle as Sari, the part which was played first by Peggy Wood and then by Evelyn Laye, at His Majesty's. The film was directed by Herbert Wilcox, and is now at the Carlton, where the world première was given last Wednesday

The Young Lady and the Soubrette

Anna Neagle and Ivy St. Helier
in the Film Version of
Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet"

Mr. J. C. Forster and his party, which included Mr. D. J. V. Forster, Mr. D. A. Forster, Mr. Tennant, Mr. Middleditch, Mr. Wallace Watson, the Hon. Max Aitken, Mr. Jasper Stephenson, Mr. Beck, and Mr. K. Forster, on the moors at Riddleham, Northumberland

The Twe

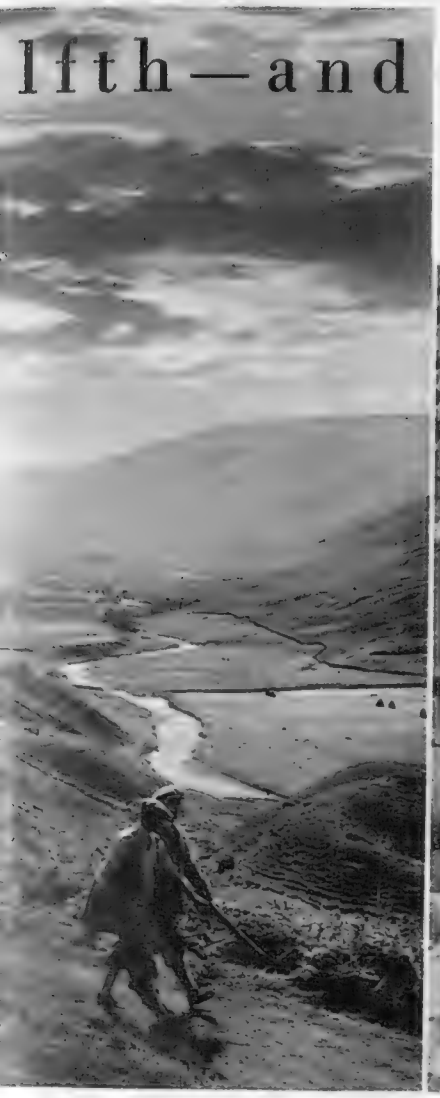
Right: a wonderful view of Glenalmond from Tongue Hill, on Sir Albert Whitaker's shoot at Auchnafree, near Dunkeld

Above: Sir John Gilmour and Mrs. James Weir, and, behind them, the Hon. Andrew Vanneck and Lord Weir, between drives on the Fenwick moor at Eaglesham, Lord Weir's Renfrewshire shoot

Right, above: Major T. L. Dugdale, M.P., Mr. Edward Haigh, Major G. C. Tryon, M.P., Minister of Pensions; Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, M.P., Colonial Secretary, the host; Sir Douglas Newton, M.P., Mr. John Cunliffe-Lister, and Philip Cunliffe-Lister were shooting over the Swinton moors, on Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister's place in Yorkshire, on the Twelfth

Right, below: Sir Herbert Cayzer, Sir George Hennessy, Mr. L. Bulteel, Lord Hutchison, and the keeper, Fotheringham, on the moors at Kinloch, Perthshire, which belongs to Lord Devonport

lfth—and After



Above are Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Thornton-Berry waiting for a drive to start on the Swinithwaite Moors, near Leyburn, in Yorkshire, where Mr. Thornton-Berry had a shooting-party for the opening of the season.

Left: Mr. T. M. Burrell, of Westwood, and Lord Hutchison of Montrose walking up to their butts in the hot August sunshine. They were shooting with Lord Devonport at Kinloch

"Big Guns" in Scotland, Northumberland and Yorkshire

Above: Sir Herbert and Lady Cayzer in their butt on the Kinloch moors: they were in Lord Devonport's party

Below: Lord Devonport, who will be seventy-seven on September 1st, on his pony between drives at Kinloch, his place near Dunkeld, in Perthshire

Left: Lord Digby and Mrs. Maxwell on their way down to lunch. Lord Digby was one of Sir William Burrell's guns at Mayshiel, East Lothian

Lenare

"NYMPH, PERFECT, DIVINE"

A beautifully posed photograph of Jackie Marcon, looking for the moment more like a nymph than one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, as the world sees them. However, she is one of the Young Ladies, and will be appearing in "Nymph Errant," the musical-comedy version of James Laver's novel, which opens in Manchester on September 11th, before coming to the Adelphi

Howard Marshall on Cricket

The West Indies at the Oval

I HAVE just come away from the sun-baked Oval after the first day of the final Test Match between England and the West Indies. It is odd how desolation sweeps a cricket ground when stumps are drawn: this evening, when the industrious Martindale had sent Marriott's off-stick curving through the air, the spectators stood up and stretched themselves, and immediately swarms, flocks—whatever the correct collective noun may be—faggles, perhaps, of newspapers went cavorting before the wind over the brown turf. A depressing scene, and, I must confess, the sequel to a somewhat depressing day's cricket.

I don't know why it was, but the game lacked fire and zest, nobly though the West Indians set about their task. Everyone admires these visitors of ours, and the applause which greeted their energetic fielding was loud and wholehearted. Grant, in the gully, was superb; Martindale bowled really well; four England wickets were down with only 68 runs on the board, and yet we never experienced the authentic Test Match thrill.

Perhaps it was because the English team was so unrepresentative: incidentally, while the earlier batsmen were tumbling out, we sighed for some of those players who nowadays are reckoned to be veterans. Hobbs, Mead, Frank Woolley, Hendren—if they had been batting on that perfect Oval wicket, would the West Indian bowlers have been so successful? Not that I wish to disparage the West Indian attack, though of all their bowlers—Martindale, Griffith, Valentine, Sealy, Achong, and Headley—Martindale alone appeared to touch the highest class.

MARTINDALE is a good bowler; he brings the ball back sharply now and again, and gives it life off the pitch, but he is not exceptionally fast. This leads me to a digression—who, in your opinion, were the fastest bowlers of all time? I think we may safely put Kortright first for sheer speed, but the second name in my list may surprise you. I have heard it said by those who have had an opportunity of testing their theory out in the middle that for three overs Jessop was nearly as swift as Kortright, and that is saying something.

But perhaps it would be irregular to place Jessop among the hierarchy of speed merchants; if that is so, second place may well go to Larwood, though this, I know, will involve me in considerable discussion. The fact remains that Larwood, in the last two years, has increased his pace greatly: five years ago, maybe, he was little faster than Martindale is to-day, but during the winter in Australia his speed was phenomenal.

Still, this, I repeat, is a digression, and we must return to a consideration of the peculiar frailty of England batsmen against all but Australian bowlers. Why is it that when we face New Zealand, All India, or the West Indies in this country we may expect four or five English wickets to fall extremely cheaply? Is it because our best players are not sufficiently keyed up, or is there some deeper, more abstruse psychological reason? Let us hope, at any rate, that the contagion will not spread over to next summer, for if we lose four wickets for sixty-eight runs when the Australians oppose us our chances of recovery will be small indeed.

BUT enough of this depression: I propose to think for a few moments of Bakewell and Barnett, and rejoice that, although neither of them was originally selected, both of them came off and proved that all they need is encouragement. Bakewell has an ungainly two-eyed stance, and this makes him bring his bat down too often across the line of the ball.

Bakewell, the Northampton professional, who, playing for England, scored 107 and, in doing so, saved the home side from quick dismissal

An Anxious Moment

Above: the Test Match at the Oval against the West Indies. G. Headley, in the slips, catches Bakewell off B. J. Sealy's bowling after doing a little bit of jugglery with the ball

The odd thing is, though, that despite his cramped position, his footwork is so lively that he manages to produce lovely off-side strokes, and he has no hesitation in dancing out to the slow bowlers. A useful player, this Bakewell, and now I trust he has earned the right to another chance in representative cricket.

As a matter of fact, my own inclination is to prefer Barnett, whose style is easier and whose strokes—and how beautifully, how gracefully, he hits the ball that is pitched up to him!—are more balanced and correct. I like Barnett's air of confidence, too—he is a batsman who gives the impression that he is master of the bowling as soon as he moves his bat to the first ball sent against him.

BUT there—apart from Barnett, Bakewell, and Nichols, the England innings was sorely disappointing—and there is something wrong when an England eleven, on a perfect wicket, against bowling which, on the whole, can only be called second-class, takes six hours to score 312 runs. And this brings me to a belated comment on the schools' fortnight at Lord's, which really did produce some fine and encouraging cricket. We saw Tonbridge scoring at the average rate of 100 runs an hour: we had a match in which the average rate of run-getting was 84 runs an hour; we saw the Public Schools beat the Army for the first time, and, best of all, we noticed that the young batsmen were putting the left foot to the ball, and actually looking for runs.

To my mind, this fortnight gave us every reason for optimism: the cricket was quite the most promising we have had from the schools for some years, and I should say that the stock of likely young players has never been better. Incidentally, M. Tindall, the Harrow captain, and a beautiful player, went straight on from Lord's to take part in his first County match for Middlesex, against Notts at Trent Bridge, and I see on the tape that he made 81 not out this afternoon. There is promise in the process of fulfilment.

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Pacifism, Publicity, and Poetic Prose: By A. G. Macdonell

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS is a brave man. He has written a book (*Cry Havoc*, Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*) which will cause rage and dismay in the hearts of every major-general on the active and retired lists. Fire-eating ex-staff-officers, dashing embusqués, veterans of Rorke's Drift, militia-colonels, heroes of the base-camps will spring to their feet with a howl for Mr. Nichols's blood. For *Cry Havoc* is a full-dress, devastating, slashing attack on War, and on War-makers and mongers, and on War profiteers, and all that huge, sloppy, flabby mass of brainless inertia which talks glibly about "the next war." Mr. Nichols has travelled extensively in Europe in search of his material. He has visited armament firms, been turned away from the Le Creusot Works in France, for fear that he might see something which he ought not; visited the Geneva Disarmament Conference, and organised dialogues between such extreme opinions as Major Yeats-Brown, the militarist, and Mr. Robert Mennell, the Quaker, and between Mr. G. D. H. Cole and Sir Arthur Salter. A third dialogue, between Sir Norman Angell and Lord Beaverbrook, fell through for reasons which the reader will have to discover for himself.

Mr. Nichols's chapters on the armament firms are terrible reading. A few months ago a French deputy made the following accusation in the Chamber: that, shortly after the war broke out, the French Comité des Forges, the Ironmasters, managed to get an order issued to the French Armies forbidding the bombardment of the French munition factories and mines in the Briey Valley, which the Germans had captured and were operating. This accusation has not been refuted. Again, American ship-building firms in 1927 paid a certain Mr. Shearer 25,000 dollars to wreck the Naval Disarmament Conference. "More death, more dividends! More blood—more bonuses!" cries Mr. Nichols. *Cry Havoc* ought to be read and re-read by every Member of Parliament in this country and in every other. The League of Nations Union ought to buy up a whole edition and scatter it among its branches, for it is vastly more important as peace propaganda than anything the Union has ever published. Mr. Nichols finishes with an examination of a widely-used historical text-book called *The Groundwork of British History*. It was last published in 1929, and yet it does not mention Lenin, Gandhi, Ramsay MacDonald, de Valera, or even Lord Haig. And this is how history is taught!

MR. PRIESTLEY'S new story, *Wonder Hero* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is very much in the style of one of Arnold Bennett's styles. It is an extravagant skit on the activities and methods of modern sensational journalism. Charles Habble, a young night-watchman in a north of England explosive factory, fell asleep at his post. A fire broke out. A fugitive Communist, hiding in the factory, extinguished the fire and Habble got the credit for it. A stunt-paper made him into a mushroom-hero, brought him to London, filmed him, photographed him, got his opinion of the modern girl, and presented him with a cheque for £500. The same sort of thing happened to Ida Chatwick, only in her case it was not heroism but a beauty competition. Both these innocent victims had their day of splendour, and then they were dropped ruthlessly into the giant cauldron of Stale News; and so, to round off the story, they got engaged, and the book comes to the oddest and abruptest end I have come across for a long time.

Mr. Alec Waugh with his wife, Joan, and their baby, taken at the novelist's house, Oswalds-at-Bridge, near Canterbury, where Joseph Conrad lived for many years

Mr. Priestley is always unerring in his North-Country descriptions, either of things or scenes or people. His industrial towns, with their high teas and their pubs and their cloth-capped football enthusiasts, rank with almost anything that Bennett wrote. It is in the satire that Mr. Priestley is less successful. His hand is heavy and often rather obvious, as if his weapon was neither rapier nor bludgeon, but a soup-ladle. And what a curious blunder in technique for such a skilled craftsman to introduce two separate characters called Gregory within a few pages of each other! Nevertheless, *Wonder Hero* is fast-moving and briskly written, and is altogether a very readable tale.

MISS MARGERY SHARP is a lady whom it will be interesting and profitable to watch. She has followed up her *Tin Trumpet* success with *The Flowering Thorn* (Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The subject is an exquisite, witty, independent, "hard-bitten virgin" of about twenty-eight who suddenly becomes excruciatingly bored with the daily round of gin and attempted seduction. So she adopts an orphan boy of four and takes him to live in a horrible, insanitary, cold, ugly cottage at the end of a muddy, pig-infested lane in a tiny Buckinghamshire village. She, Lesley Frewen, hates the house and the discomfort, and the vicar and the orphan and herself. She particularly hates washing-up. But her gin-friends come down to visit her in huge motors and garish pyjamas, and for the first time the countryside looks almost pretty in comparison. From that moment the Thorn begins to Flower. Lesley makes friends with the vicar and the vicar's wife, and, above all, with her landlord, old Sir Philip Kerr. From the page on which Sir Philip first appears, Miss Sharp's writing rises to an altogether new plane. Her wit and irony take on a new and gentler note, and the story of the love of the seventy-five-year-old man for the young girl is full of poetry. It is rather the sort of scene that Galsworthy might have written if he had been a poet, and a woman.

The strange pair go skating together, waltzing—"on the veins at her wrist the bony fingers closed tighter and tighter: but still the ghostly waltz-tune buzzed about her ears, and still the neat, jerky movements never faltered. It was like dancing with a marionette; it was like dancing with Death." A few days later the old man fell through the ice, and caught a chill and died. His last words to Lesley were about a girl whom he had loved more than thirty years before. "She had a laugh like a blackbird's."

Miss Margery Sharp will go far. *The Flowering Thorn* is full of beauty. (Incidentally, a reviewer, incessantly accused of not reading all through the books which he so glibly criticises, is entitled, I think, to a quiet grin when he finds that the author of the synopsis on the publisher's wrapper does not seem to have quite stayed the course himself.)

A SECOND volume by the anonymous lawyer has appeared (*More Leaves From a Lawyer's Notebook*: Secker; 5*s.*), and it is full of wisdom, wit, and political bias. The lawyer makes no secret of his Toryism and dismisses the achievements of the Asquith Government (which created the Navy of 1914, the Territorial Force, and the B.E.F.) with the simple epithet: "Pro-German." On the question of Divorce Reform, however, he is with the advanced school, and his dislike of the pettifogging Dora, with all its insane crop of footling bureaucracies, is almost as strong as Mr. A. P. Herbert's itself. He also indulges in a surprising bout of invective against the hideous repetition of clichés which so disfigure the august pages of the *Times* newspaper. *More Leaves* contains some capital stories, and is an ideal book for a bedside, a train journey, or any other time which might be filled with reading.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

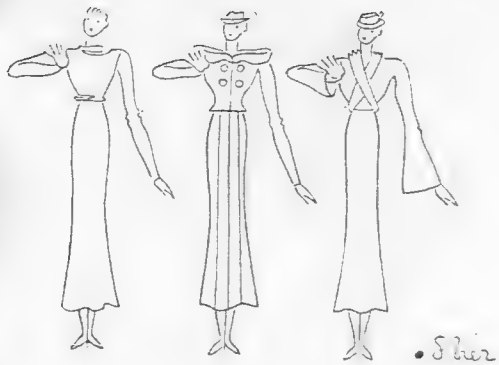
compiled weekly for "The Bystander"

REALLY hard wear, long days on the golf course or the moors, demands clothes of exceptional wearing qualities, although they must also be comfortable and, in these exacting days with definite pretensions to chic. Woollens which combine these three qualities are not easy to find, but the Pesco coat and skirt on the left is a signal success. It is woven in beige flecked wool and has a well-fitting skirt with a centre seam. The cardigan coat has a striped border of beige and brown. With it is worn a dark brown shirt, béret and gloves

by Madge Garland

Lenare

THE GOLDSMITHS and SILVERSMITHS have recently brought out an interesting booklet filled with suggestions for delightful gifts, a few of which are shown on this page. The lovely vanity case which is sketched on the left is carried out in gold and the finest enamel, chiefly in shades of blue, and is fitted inside with sections for powder, rouge and lipstick. The diamond horse, a delightful mascot for race-goers, costs £45, and the diamond bar with the bow of brilliants £80. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths also specialise in bracelets and rings of fine stones set in exquisite designs



Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

A SMART early autumn suit is made of green woollen material with a rough surface. It fastens in front with four square metal buttons and is accompanied by a hat, scarf and gloves made of striped green and beige jersey. This is a Matita model

SALLY BLANE, the pretty sister of Loretta Young, has been in England making a British film. Here she is wearing an evening gown of black velvet with an enchanting little black lace cape, which is an Augustabernard model from Marshall and Snelgrove

Advance Autumn Offers

New COATS for the PETITE £7 each

THE most remarkable Coat offer ever made; presented as a special between-seasons' attraction. Superb tailoring and lavish fur trimming distinguish the models

ASK FOR YOUR SIZE BY LETTERS.

These Coats are obtainable in the following four specialised small sizes—

Well-tailored Coat for the small woman, with diagonal cape collar trimmed Squirrel to tone. Embodying the fashion of the day, giving proportionate width to the shoulder-line. In sizes A, B, C, D. Suitable for the slim figure and for the short woman who is not so slim.
SPECIAL PRICE £7

Small woman's Coat, well-tailored in Moorspun, trimmed Persian Lamb. Stocked in sizes A, B, C, and D. New autumn colours.
SPECIAL PRICE £7

Well-tailored small woman's Coat featuring the shoulder-line collar, trimmed with Fox, with band of self-material swathed diagonally round neck. Charming model for the Petite accentuating the length, most becoming for the short woman, who is not so slender. Made in soft woollen materials, excellent range of colours. Stocked in sizes A, B, C, and D. Eight lengths. Lined throughout.
SPECIAL PRICE £7

Letter.	Bust.	Hips.	Length.
A	32-33	36-38	44-46
B	34-35	37-39	45-47
C	34-36	37-40	46-48
D	36-38	39-41	45-46

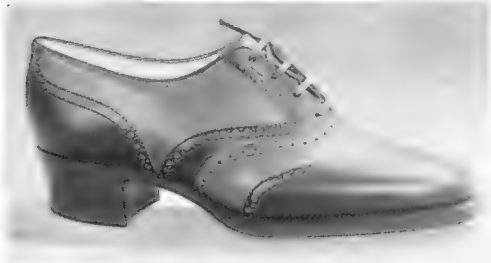
Size A is for the normal petite figure.

Size B is for the small woman who requires that little "extra fullness."

Size C is for the woman who is just below the average height.

Size D is for the petite woman who is "not-so-slim."

SMALL WOMEN'S SALON—FIRST FLOOR.



Excellent Golf or Country Walking Shoe with rubber sole and heel. In two shades of Brown, also Black.
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25/9

Black or Brown Calf Shoe, monk style with low heel. Suitable for Golf or Country Walking.
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New Booklet of Autumn Styles free on request.

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BRUTON.
Attractive Hat in "Thistle" Homespun—a lovely speckled mixture. In Navy, Brown, Beige, Green, Red and Black.

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BEAUMONT.
New pointed Cap in "Butterfly" Chenille, the point of which can be tucked down if desired. In Black, Navy, Brown, Bottle Green and Red.

PRICE 20/-

NEW SEASON'S HATS AT 20/- EACH

BROADHURST.
A most becoming shape in "Butterfly" Chenille, designed for the larger head. In Black, Navy, Brown, Bottle Green, Red, Beige and Reindeer.

PRICE 20/-

BERKELEY.
A comfortable pull-on shape in "Butterfly" Chenille with inset of Petersham. In Black, Red, Navy, Beige, Dark Green, Reindeer and Brown.

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Snelgrove
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FINE GAUGE PURE SILK STOCKINGS

SPECIAL PRICE 4/11 PAIR

Unequalled Value. British made. Fine close knit 45-gauge All Silk Stockings, In rosita, oak, duskee, moon beige, cocktail, nude, shadow grey and mushroom.
Sample pair sent on approval.

Above: N. E. Marshall chatting to D. L. R. Osborn at the third tee

Above: R. Deterding and Colonel C. H. S. Deane making up their scores

Sheringham Summer Meeting

Some of Those Who Sweltered

Above, centre: A. W. Briggs and G. Scarth seen going to the fourth green

Left: C. H. Langmore and C. Fletcher taking a well-earned rest at the fifth tee

F. T. Delavoye "passing the time of day" with R. M. Parker

A. H. S. Barton, challenge-cup winner, and D. Babington-Smith

J. Radford and A. V. Campbell going to the first tee

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

Man and Woman

Miss Elsie Grant Suttie driving from one of those North Berwick holes where a slice means the sea. Miss Suttie is an ex-Champion

DEAR BYSTANDER—

THE relative standard of men and women is a subject which always seems to appeal to the non-golfer, and even to raise a certain amount of argument amongst players themselves. Don't you know the puzzled look that comes over the face of some old gentleman, quite a sportsman, but not a golfer, who says to you (having asked what your handicap is) : " Well, but, my dear, if you are a four and that young man of yours is a six, surely you ought to beat him. Why is he giving you strokes ? " Then you have to explain all about the theory of strokes-for-sex, which is quite as complicated as weight-for-age and a good deal less understandable. Particularly does it become complicated if the woman, as just occasionally happens, can drive as far as the man.

ROUGHLY speaking, as the annual match at Stoke generally proves, a scratch man can give a scratch lady a half, or very nearly; and I think that, possibly, a 10 man might give a 10 lady a half; but round about the 6's and 7's there appears to be rather a general levelling up, and I have been puzzling my head over the reason for this. A 6 woman—a 6, a 5, and certainly a 4 woman—is quite decidedly a relatively better performer than a 6, 5, or a 4 man. Why ? It seems to me that the answer is because the woman of that sort of handicap has a vast deal of experience; the man, quite possibly, none. The woman has had to work pretty hard to gain her handicap under the L.G.U. system; she certainly goes to a very fair sprinkling of open meetings on other courses than her own; she may even, unless resident in Cheshire, Surrey, or one of the other uncomfortably low-handicapped counties, play for her county team, which means that she has had a hardening in the very best and most exacting form of golf. If she be Irish or Welsh, she may even have sported shamrock or leek in the home internationals. The man of 6, 5, or 4 handicap, on the other hand (I 'm talking of club handicaps, not of national), is, quite likely, only a week-end golfer, a happy-go-lucky fellow who plays as and when he can, without bothering much, with no chance of team matches, and little opportunity of playing on other courses besides his own, except for one brief, delicious holiday, when he blisters his hands into nothing playing three rounds a day over the course he has chosen for his holiday. His golf is very far below the finished standard which the woman has worked herself to by dint of competition play, so that, quite possibly, particularly if the course is short, he can give a woman on the same handicap mark as himself only three or four shots, and certainly not more than a third. Things vary, of course, on the type of course played over. Where there is plenty of run on the ball, not many cross hazards, no devastating rough, whence the man can emerge by brute force, and the woman not at all, then the woman may have high hopes. So she may if the course is really narrow, flanked with impenetrable gorse, or out of bounds. But it is difficult to generalise. Everybody knows the type of short, elderly man who proceeds down the middle of the fairway with the regularity that would well become a veteran lady. For him, flanking whin-bushes have no terrors. He knows just precisely what he can do at each hole, and the woman's only chance is to lure him away to some course which he has never seen, where lack of experience in judging unaccustomed distances, the absence of familiar landmarks by which he can regulate his choice of club, will be his undoing.

Mrs. Trev Smith, the women's golf Champion of San Francisco, " blasting her way from this trip, right to the green," as the caption from California has it

I WAS asked the other day to give an opinion of what should be the allowance in a competition where ladies and men competed against each other from the same men's tees. Some men apparently objected that to give the difference in handicap plus six strokes was too much to ask of them. As a compromise, one might suggest that the six strokes should be added to the handicap, and then three-quarters taken of that. It probably depends on the type of course again, and the only answer I could give my correspondent was that clubs must experiment until they find that happy medium which shall make both givers and receivers feel that they have a good chance and can produce a really tight finish. One more word would I whisper in any committee's ear : and that is that conditions must be posted before the competition begins, and that, having been posted, they cannot under any circumstances be departed from. I don't know, but I imagine that a very great many of the queries that pester the life out of the Rules of Golf Committee would never arise if the conditions of competitions were more explicit, and were posted before play, so that everybody, willy-nilly, reads them. One knows only too well the difficulty of making competitors read what it is intended that they should read, but if the committee have put up their conditions clearly, then they are above blame if competitors fail to read and observe them. Don't you agree ?

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

W. G. Brooke
"Tombstones"

THE election of a Trustee and Manager of the Stock Exchange is a rare event; the number of Trustees is fixed at nine, and only when the number falls below eight does an election take place. The death of two Trustees has now made an election necessary. However, as only two candidates for the two vacancies were put forward during the appointed period for nomination, the election this time has nothing of the competitive element about it, and it may be presumed that Dick Twining and Urling Clark, the two candidates, will duly become Trustees. Their names have both appeared on this page before. Incidentally, the Millionaires' Room at Lyons will soon be losing Urling Clark as one of its regulars, as he 'll be getting a free lunch "upstairs" in the Committee Room.

CONTINUING our holiday investigations, we have discovered that Gerald Walton Williams has gone to the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, and has joined the "Saffrons." We take it, however, that he isn't actually going to play cricket for them, although he is certainly very active. He is a past Master of the Drapers' Company, having held that office on two occasions, and is justly proud of the history of the company; he wrote an interesting article about it in the Stock Exchange Annual a few years back. He is one of the reservoirs of humour in the House, and, to complete his description, he belongs to the top-hat brigade, black in winter and grey in summer.

W. G. BROOKE has gone up to Pitlochry; we hope he will bring back some of his impressions from across the Border in visible form. He is a regular exhibitor at the Stock Exchange Art Exhibition, which is held every year at the Drapers' Hall. His caricatures of members are well known in the House; his somewhat caustic cartoons of the principals in last year's commission controversy enhanced his already high reputation as a critical commenter on domestic topics. His self-imposed nickname is "Tombstones," the reason for this uncomplimentary and rather macabre pseudonym being apparent on the face of it, or rather, him.

E. T. SPEARING goes to Somerset for his holiday this year, to fish for trout. "Ted" Spearing is a confirmed fisherman, fishes for fish, dreams fish, and will talk fish whenever the chance comes his way. He is such an enthusiast that he has been seen sitting in a punt on a dark, dank, damp, dreary November day, fishing for carp in the lake at Stoke Poges. No non-fisherman can possibly prognosticate what these angling men will endure for the sake of sport. "Ted" Spearing's House nickname is "Snowball," on account of his fluffy white hair.

OTHER fishing enthusiasts go to the North Sea to catch tunny; this contingent includes the Frisby brothers and D'Oyly Sheppard. The Smithers' brothers go to Scotland; they amalgamate with Lord Glendyne while grouse are in season. Most of the young and fashionable appear on one or other of France's sea-coasts during August, but usually not for long; those trips are only the hors d'œuvres. Vivian Smith is expected to go north to his lately acquired father-in-law, Lord Rosebery. John Boscawen generally goes to his "in-laws," the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, at Brodick Castle, in the Isle of Arran, but he waits till September for that. Basil Hill-Wood goes over the Border, too; his wife, who is Lord Hampden's daughter, is well known at all the field trials, where her dog, Chance, carries off a good many firsts.

"Ted" Spearing
"Snowball" goes fishing

Julian Berger
Teaching his young to bark

JULIAN BERGER is reported to have been making preparation for his holiday. He is the senior partner in a firm with many branches, and himself deals in the Tinto market. Although he is a small man, he has a truly stupendous voice, and his lusty bidding for or offering of shares can be heard all over the building. In fact, any "blue-button boy" who, after his first day in the House, didn't know where the Tinto market was would soon be sent back to the office stool. And now Julian Berger has started training one of his staff in the way he should go, presumably to act as "his master's voice" while Mr. Berger is away.

WHO is the Scots broker who offered to give a jobber friend lunch at his club up West—if the latter paid for the taxi both ways?

WHY is a certain member known as 'Mr. Can't"? Because he always says "'E knows."

Walter waters: the Rt. Hon. Walter Elliott, M.P., keeps to agriculture

Lord Wakefield's own special hair-drill

Eric, or Little by Little: Sir Eric Geddes floats on Dunlops in his own pet bathing-pool

Left: Lord Ashfield takes his exercise in the early hours on the escalator

Lord Passfield just relaxes in Mrs. Webb's garden

Sir John Reith has all the exercises he wants with his own aerial

A Busman's Holiday

How our Artist, H. H. Harris, Visualises Some Notabilities Spending their Vacation

Flying to the Highland Games : By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Stage and Screen Aero Club is holding a Gymkhana and Garden-Party with the usual side-shows, at Hatfield Aerodrome, on Friday, September 29th. Above, l. to r.: Miss Polly Luce, Mr. Hugh Wakefield, and Miss Marjorie Mars, in front of the club-house

Right: Mr. C. A. Cochrane and Mr. P. Cochrane, two brothers, chose an Imperial air-taxi for their journey to the Scottish moors. They were piloted by Captain G. P. Olley, who flew back with their first day's bag

British Flying-Boats

A COMPANY of this name, with Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton as chief pilot, has been operating at the Isle of Man this summer with considerable success. Hundreds of people have made their first flight in the Saro Cloud amphibian, which has, incidentally, been used mostly from the water as a flying-boat, the amphibian gear being of value in order to house the machine on the aerodrome at night when the sea was rough, and for special charter flights to cities on the mainland. Two special excursion cruises to the Scottish Highlands are to be made, the first for five days to Fort William and Portree, leaving Douglas, Isle of Man, on August 28th and returning on September 1st; the second for four days to Oban and Inverness from September 13th to 17th. The machine has accommodation for eight people with luggage, and in each case the return fare is £10. The attractions of the trip are, first of all, the prospect of a journey on which magnificent views of the Highlands will be obtained, and, secondly, to attend the Games at Fort William, the Skye Games, and the famous Balls of Portree; or, in the case of the second cruise, similar festivities at Oban and Inverness. A Saro Cloud from the Saunders Roe yard at Cowes has just completed a demonstration tour round the Baltic and through middle Europe, visiting twelve countries in a total flying time of fifty hours. In most places the Cloud was the first amphibian ever seen, and especially in the Baltic and Germany, where marine aircraft have plenty of scope with sheltered harbours and inland waterways, it created a tremendous amount of interest, which should result in good orders. The "crew" on this tour consisted of Captain C. D. Scott, the test pilot at Cowes; Mr. John Lord and Mr. J. de C. Ballardie, both directors of the company; and Mr. A. J. A. Wallace Barr, managing-director of the well-known "Cellon" dope company.

Facilities for Air-Touring

IN spite of the great help given by the Air Ministry, the Royal Aero Club and the "A.A." to pilots and private owners proceeding abroad, it is still a matter of considerable difficulty to arrange a comprehensive flying tour at short notice. This is due to the reluctance of some foreign countries to allow the free use of their air, for fear that photographs will be taken or observations made which may be of military importance, although it does not apply to the leading Continental States—France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia—with whom we are on excellent aerial terms. Air-touring has increased steadily ever since the light aeroplane became a practical vehicle, and, the simplification of foreign travel being long overdue, the F.A.I. has formed a special committee, on which the Royal Aero Club represents Great Britain, to standardise as far as possible Customs formalities and the necessary forms and log-books which a machine must carry. This committee's work is of great importance to the civil flying community, and Lord Wakefield has given £1500 towards expenses.

Air-Line Connections

THE liners of Imperial Airways fly to Paris, Brussels, Cologne, Basle, and Zurich, from which airports the machines of other air-transport companies fly onwards to all parts of Europe. From Brussels, for instance, Copenhagen, Oslo, and the seaside resorts of the German coast can be reached in a day's flight, and, by way of Cologne, the cities of Prague and Vienna are brought almost as near as Paris by the old method of boat and train. Leaving Airway Terminus, Victoria, at 8.15 a.m., the traveller can get to Barcelona by 7.20 in the evening, to Geneva at 3.55 p.m., and to Berne at 6.55 p.m. For Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, and Austria, passengers leave London at 7.30 in the morning, and one would recommend anyone travelling across Europe to ask Imperial Airways or the nearest Travel Agency for a time-table of air connections. People who imagine that insurance by air is an expensive matter will be relieved to know that the rates for travel by Imperial Airways are the same as those by boat and train, the premium being 1s. per £1000 per day, which covers all the usual benefits as well as the total loss of the insured. The fact that the rate is so low indicates the confidence in the Imperial line shown by the underwriters.

Around the Schools

BOTH at Brooklands and Hatfield, the first week of August was good for trade, more than 100 hours of instructional flying being recorded at each of these aerodromes. The Brooklands, Cinque Ports, and Northampton clubs, coming under one management, have a total membership of more than 1200. Hatfield is to be enlarged by the addition of ninety acres, which will increase the runway from east to west to more than a mile. Sir Alfred Beit has been taking advanced instruction and flying his Puss Moth; Mr. W. W. Wakefield and Mr. P. C. Horden, well known in the "Rugger" world, are doing their annual Reserve training; Mr. Stacey has made a successful solo, and Mr. Douglas is training for an "A" licence, both of the Stage and Screen Aero Club. Hatfield is a busy place, with the swimming-pool as a fashionable evening rendezvous.

AUGUST, 1933

21st to 31st inclusive

21st Black Game Shooting begins.
Racing. Redcar and Wolverhampton.
Speedway. Test Match, England v. Australia, Wimbledon
Lawn Tennis. Open Tournament, Folkestone.
Golf. Boys International Championship, Carnoustie.
Bowls. Tournament, Hastings.
Yachting. Royal Norfolk & Suffolk Y.C., Oulton. Regatta, Torquay.
Carnival. Carnival Week commences, Southend-on-Sea.

22nd **Racing.** Stockton and Wolverhampton.
Lawn Tennis. Folkestone Tournament.
Highland Games. Lochaber Games, Fort William.
Regatta. Torquay.

23rd **Racing.** Stockton, Bath and Mallow Meetings.
Cycling. Kentish Wheelers Meeting, Herne Hill.
Lawn Tennis. England v. Scotland, Margate.
Cricket. Kent v. West Indies, Canterbury.

24th **Racing.** Stockton, Bath and Dundalk.
Lawn Tennis. England v. Scotland, Margate.
Sheep Dog Trials. Welsh National, Margam.
Shows. Flower Show, Southport.
Swimming. A.S.A. Half-mile, Weston-super-Mare.

25th **Racing.** Lewes
Highland Games. Cowal, Dunoon.
Regatta. Dartmouth.

26th **Racing.** Lewes, Hamilton Park and Phœnix Park.
Athletics. England v. Italy (in Italy).
Swimming. A.S.A. Mile, Hoylake.
Games. Pooley Bridge Sports. Wrestling and Guide Races, Ullswater Lake District.
Yachting. Dartmouth-Plymouth Race. Howth, Ireland.
Sheep Dog Trials. Llanfabon.
Motor Cycling. B.M.S.R.C., Brooklands.

28th **Yachting.** Lowestoft.
Lawn Tennis. Cumberland Tournam't. (to Sept. 2) Carlisle, Hastings, Southampton.
Cricket. South of England XI v. West Indies, Eastbourne.
Motoring. Ulster A.C. Rally, Bangor.
Croquet. Bude, Lewes and Leamington Tournaments.

29th **Racing.** York.
Golf. Artisans Tournament, St. George's Hill.
Speedway. National League. West Ham v. Sheffield.
Regatta. Plymouth.

30th **Racing.** York. Devon and Exeter Steeplechases. Limerick Junction Meeting.
Sheep Dog Trials. Grosvenor, Wales.
Athletics. L.A.C. Meeting, White City.
Motoring. Ulster A.C. Concours d'Elégance, Bangor.
Cricket. Sussex v. West Indies, Hove.

31st **Racing.** York. Devon and Exeter Steeplechases. Limerick Junction Meeting.
Yachting. Prince of Wales' Cup, Lowestoft.
Regatta. Lowestoft Town.
Cycling. Marlboro' A.C. Meeting, Paddington.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Sport with the Lid Off

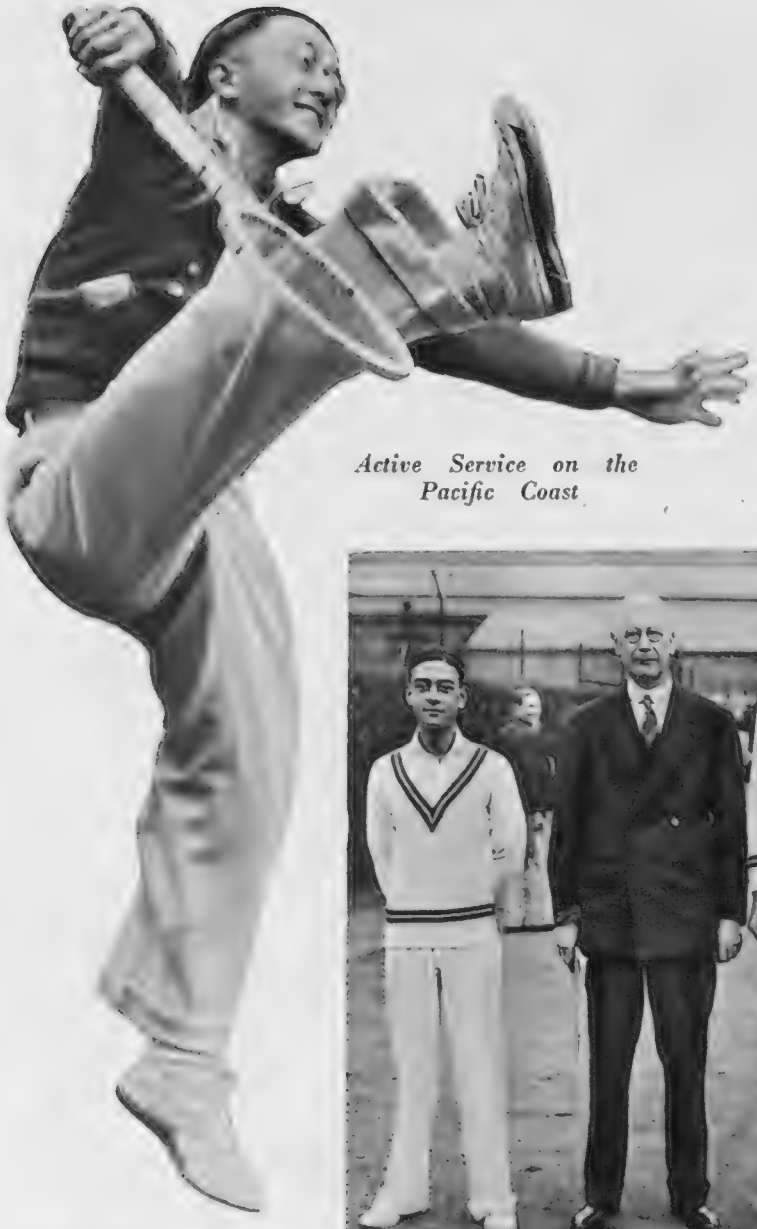
A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

THE West Indian cricketers have nearly finished their tour in England now, and, on the whole, a very successful tour it has been. Our visitors have made many friends and a good deal of money, even if their luck in the Test Matches has not been overwhelming.

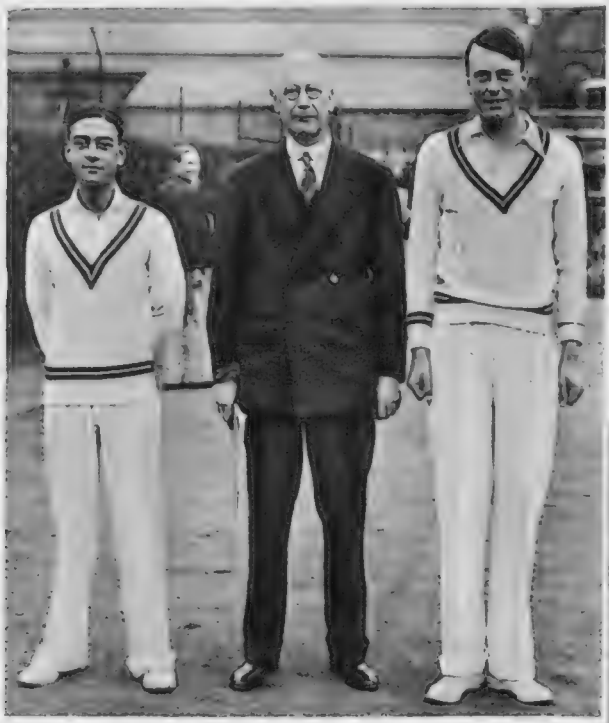
I was talking to G. C. Grant on that depressing Tuesday morning after the third Test at the Oval, and he seemed very well pleased, though he admitted that England had proved rather too strong for his men. He appeared to be quite pleased, too, about Headley's chance of coming to some arrangement with a Lancashire League club.

I SUPPOSE it is all right, this importing of cricketers from other countries, though I must admit that I don't like it. Still, Headley should do well: he may get, let us say, £500 a year, and, as he will probably be able to live on his talent money, he should save about £1500 in three years. And when you consider that, in the West Indies, Headley earns about £200 a year, you will not blame him for desiring to stay in England. He must keep himself free for representative cricket, though: it was a tragedy that



Active Service on the Pacific Coast

Vincent Chinn, who defeated Arthur Lum in the final of the Pacific Coast Championship at San Francisco by 9—7, 6—4, 6—4. Chinn is a protégé of the famous American, Howard C. Kinsey, who is now a professional



Schoolboys' Lawn Tennis

J. A. S. Collins (Harrow), Mr. Donald MacLeod, donor of the Cup, and R. Pullbrook (Harrow) photographed at Queen's Club, West Kensington, after the final of the Schoolboys' Lawn-Tennis Tournament, won by Pullbrook 6—1, 6—1

A. P. F. Chapman congratulating "Tich" Freeman on capturing his two hundredth wicket in the sixth successive year in the match between Kent and Sussex at Hastings

The Police take it Lying Down

Left: the Wallington police in a recumbent attitude, being beaten by Luton at the City of London Police Sports at the White City

Dr. J. C. Gregory, the Davis Cup player, with his fiancée, Miss Phyllis Priestley, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Priestley, of Harrogate. Dr. Gregory is still one of the best English doubles players

Off to Sweden

Captain D. S. Peploe, Lieut.-Colonel A. W. Tate, Captain G. A. Moxon, Major W. G. M. Sarel, Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Boyd, Major W. H. B. Mirrlees, and C. L. Gordon-Steward, an Army Golfing Society team who are competing in the Swedish Open Amateur Championship, starting on August 26th

Miss Diana Plumpton, Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Pentony, Miss Timberg, Miss Jean Hamilton, Mrs. Dudley Charles, Miss Jean Forsyth, and Miss M. Raworth, English women competitors in the Swedish Championships

Constantine could not play in all three Test Matches; and, although he was reported to have strained a leg muscle, I happen to know that he would certainly have been fit to turn out at the Oval if his agreement with Nelson had enabled him to do so.

INCIDENTALLY, it was news to me that Constantine had experimented with body-line bowling against an English touring team in the West Indies, and that the Englishmen had protested so vigorously that Constantine had been obliged to alter his tactics. An interesting commentary on the Australian controversy. And what are we to make of the official admission from Australia that, if England had protested to the Australian Board about the objectionable behaviour of spectators, steps would have been taken to stop barracking? Eye-wash, I think: the M.C.C. cable made it perfectly clear that barracking was a source of irritation, and the Australian Board had every reason to take action. But it is interesting to know that the authorities out there think they can deal with the unruly spectator: if that is true, one barrier to a reasonable understanding between the two countries will be removed.

I ALSO met Commander S. F. Coopper, the Rugby Union Secretary, at the Oval, and he tells me that the Twickenham turf is in marvellous condition. It always is—and just now, with grass baked brown everywhere else, I can well imagine what a green oasis it must be. Incidentally, the organisers of the students' athletic meeting which takes place at Turin early in September were anxious, I gather, that a representative Rugby football team from English universities should compete against the Continental universities in a knock-out competition. I think it is safe to say that no English team will be competing: very rightly, the Rugby

(*continued on page 366*)

Making Whoopee!

Mrs. A. E. Learoyd in play at the Annual Croquet Championships, which were held at the Roehampton Club

Cars with a Personality

The 20-h.p. Austin

By The Earl of Cardigan

The 20-h.p. Austin looks just what it is—a large, comfortable, and handsome car. This "Whitehall" model, on a short chassis, is designed primarily for the owner-driver

Below: the doors are of good width, and unimpeded by controls. On the driver's side, a very helpful feature is the quick-acting mechanism for lowering the window

The lay-out of the instrument-board is novel and good. All instruments are neatly grouped in front of the driver, leaving space on the near side for a cubby-hole of really useful dimensions

Left: the back seat provides really ample space. There are many luxurious fittings, such as foot-rests, and occasional tables hinged into the back of the adjustable front seats

Below: when a full load is carried, this folding luggage-grid is likely to prove useful. A further good point is the neat housing of the spare wheel

Of all the Austin models, the six-cylinder "Twenty" is probably the least well known to the man in the street. This is a pity; for it is by no means the least attractive of the Austin range, nor is it excessive in price. The truth is, I suppose, that the extraordinary popularity of such models as the "Seven" and the "Twelve-Six" has deprived it of its fair share of the limelight.

Small cars, of course, are enjoying something of a "boom" at the present time; yet there remains a certain quality about the large car which cannot fail to attract the discerning driver. A car such as the Austin "Twenty" not only does everything that one can demand of it; it does it with delightful ease, so that one continually enjoys the impression of an ample store of power in reserve.

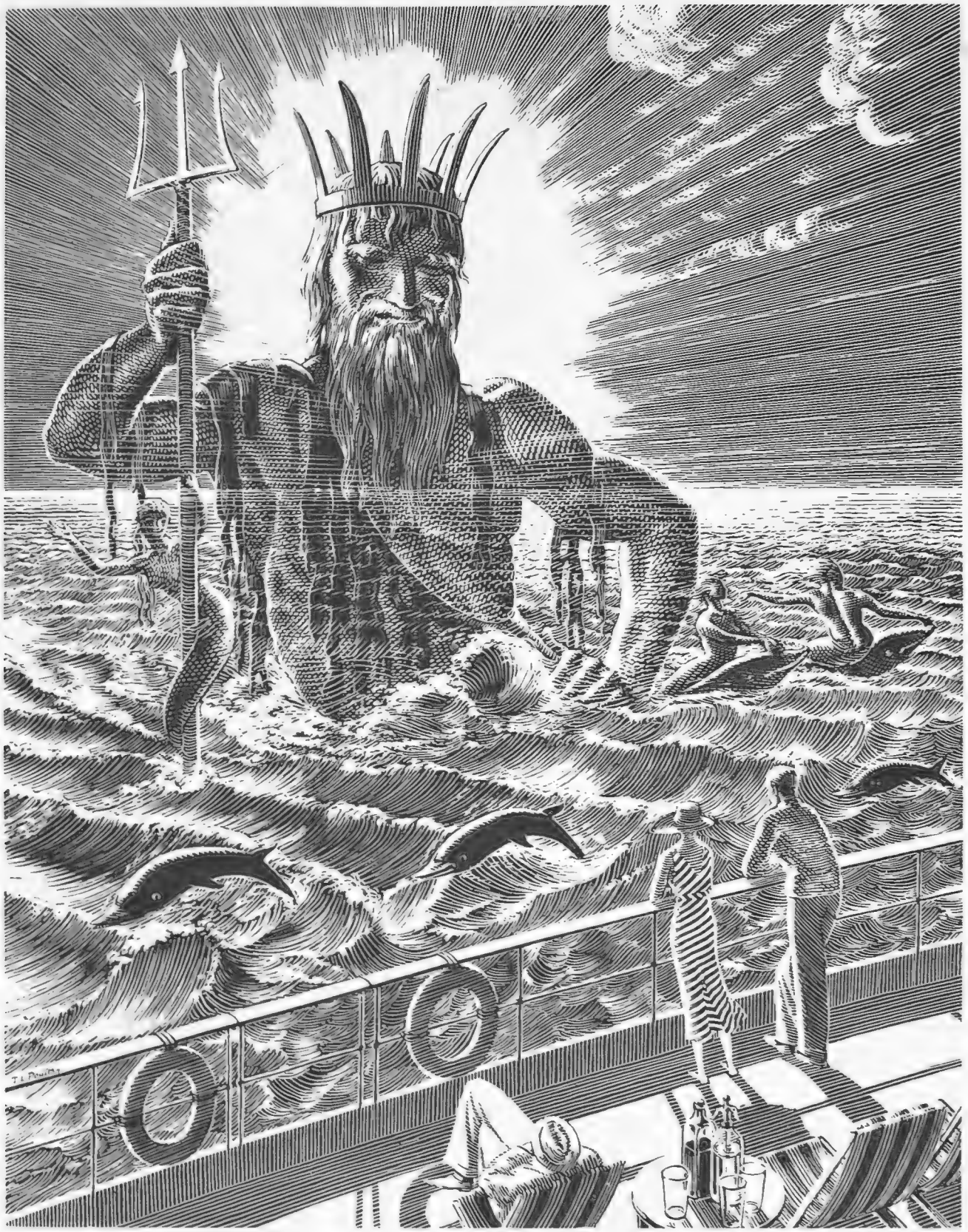
Thus the "Twenty" is flexible, and contrives to run flexibly without giving any suspicion of effort or strain. The car loaned to me was a "Whitehall" short-wheelbase model, having a top-gear ratio of approximately four to one. Nowadays, this must be reckoned a high gear; but I found little occasion to change down into the very excellent six to one "third." The speed range, in top gear, extended from a walking pace up to a good 70 m.p.h.

I had, indeed, no cause for reluctance in using the gear-box. Both top and third gears—the latter capable of anything up to 50 m.p.h.—are engaged by means of the ultra-simple synchro-mesh device, while none of the other ratios is in any way awkward to manipulate. It is agreeable, all the same, to feel that one need change gear only by choice, and not of necessity.

On the open road, I was chiefly struck by the "Twenty's" capacity for extreme smoothness and silence at moderately high cruising speeds. At 50 m.p.h., for instance, it was really difficult to hear the engine. The hum of tyres on the road was the predominating noise, and there was no suspicion of vibration. The only criticism that I could make was that road-holding did not seem to be quite ideal. To my way of thinking, it would be an improvement if this Austin chassis could be slung a little lower to the ground—perhaps by means of a "dropped" frame.

For the rest, the car handled admirably. There was no fault to be found with the springing or steering—the latter having a sufficiently good lock to ensure perfect handiness in traffic. The brakes proved thoroughly efficient, and at the same time smooth, so that it was always possible to make firm use of them without apprehension.

Needless to say, I found the large "Whitehall" saloon body most luxurious. It provides ample space for four or five passengers, and gives the driver an exceedingly comfortable position. The only addition I should like to see is an adjustable windscreen. At just under £500 this Austin 20-h.p. model is a genuinely attractive proposition. In everything except cost it fulfils the average man's expectation of what a large car should be, and thus must appeal to many of those who still remain faithful to the ideal of "full-scale" motoring.



Now are the days when old Neptune calls us — to blue skies and wide horizons. Now are the days when the tired spirit seeks change — change of air, change of scene, aye, even change of friends. But one friend we will not seek to change — one friend who waits to cheer us, into whatever harbour we may sail — Old

JOHNNIE WALKER *Born 1820 —Still going Strong*

The Doggy World

The Puppy and the Lead: By Lady Kitty Ritson

TRAINING a puppy to the collar and lead is not as simple a thing as it would seem, and very often one has quite a lot of trouble over it. Strictly speaking, I think that all puppies sold from a breeder should be broken to collar and lead, but as this takes time, busy people very often do not find time to do so. Personally, I dislike selling a puppy that is not broken to collar and lead, just as I should dislike selling a young horse that was not halter-broken.

If you are buying a puppy ask if it has learned to go on the lead, and if you are told "yes," ask to see it led. You can soon tell exactly how many times it has had a collar on. You will probably be told, "It seems to be rather silly to-day." However, naturally one would not be put off buying a good puppy just because it is not collar-wise.

It is a mistake to put on a collar and lead and drag the pup around, deaf to its squeals and yells. You must always remember, in dealing with any animal, that because you know that this and that is not going to do it any harm, the animal does not know and is therefore just as terrified as if it were in real danger. You might be terrified if you found yourself in a canoe shooting the rapids, although the Indian steersman would be quite calm.

IT is a good plan to put on the collar first of all and let it trot about; it is sure to sit down and scratch violently to try to get it off, but after a time that will pass and it will be quite happy. Then put on the lead and coax it to walk about. You *may* find that it is quite happy and makes no fuss,

Miss Slack with Vagabond, Mr. Clifford Slack's Great Dane. Vagabond took two firsts at the Great Dane Club's show at Reigate at the beginning of the month

but more likely it will lie down and shiver, and, if you pull it, fling itself about like a trout and also squeal.

It is no use giving in to it, but it is also no use tiring and frightening it. Hold a tit-bit in front of its nose and the moment it walks a foot or two reward it with the morsel. Then try again. Don't make the mistake of keeping it on the lead until it is tired as well as frightened. Directly you have succeeded in getting it to be sensible, let it off and reward it with another tit-bit. I met somebody the other day who told me that she just tied up her puppies to a fence and let them throw themselves about until they got used to it. As my old nurse used to say: "I just gave her an old-fashioned look and walked away." For anything crueller or more senseless I have never heard. If you follow my method for a few days, you will soon have a puppy who is delighted to go on the lead and a puppy who has not been made nervous by harsh handling.

If you are in London, do go and see the exhibition of Horse Portraits in Bronze, by Dorothy Prentice Lawson, at 7, Grafton Street. They are very remarkable, because she has a real eye for animals. She also does dog portraits, and the beauty of them, apart from their technical value, is that they are so like the sitters. I am hoping to have "Alfie" done.

If you can beg, borrow or steal a wonderful book by Baron Leuhusen, which deals with every known breed of dog, full of pictures, too, make an effort to do so. It is most beautifully got up and is called "Pedigree Dogs in Word and Picture."

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"POWDER YOUR NOSE"

But Show Discrimination in your Choice of Cosmetics.

THE days of the shiny nose and weather-beaten face are, virtually, passed. Girls earning their living in secretarial, commercial, and even domestic posts, as well as Society "lovelies," mothers of grown-up daughters, the strictly "county" as well as the vicar's wife and daughter, possess and use powder and powder-puff, and do so frankly and openly, although, in circles where the word "etiquette" is still used and spelled correctly, there is a prejudice against the flaunting of powder-puff, lip-stick, hair-comb and tooth-pick on public occasions—which I instinctively share. I feel that there are certain gestures appropriate to the toilet-table and others effective at the dining-table! But, definitely, if the question of "make-up" were put to the vote, the member in favour of enhancement of feminine charm would be returned with an "overwhelming majority."

But there is one thing that is really more unattractive than a face innocent of all cosmetics, and that is, one bedizened with inferior powder and rouge—a nose covered with coarse, clogging powder, greasy round the nostrils and obviously "made-up." Nature causes the pores of the skin to make an effort to rid themselves of harmful, clogging foreign bodies, hence the greasiness and open-pores that result from coating the skin with inferior cosmetics containing such deleterious constituents as silicon, gum arabic (incorporated for the sake of making powder adhesive), and strong perfume.

IT is essential to use a face powder which is absolutely pure and really finely sifted; which will give the desired matt appearance and act as a protective, instead of coarsening the complexion and causing enlarged pores, blackheads and oiliness.

The famous firm of Yardley, established in 1770, has always catered for eclectic clients. It holds the Royal Warrant and, if one were not afraid of being adjudged snobbish, one might say that Yardley's are, and "have always been perfumers to the aristocracy." Their lavender water and soaps have long held a unique place in the history of perfumery. But to-day no business house can afford to rest on past achievements and, while maintaining the standards of the products on which their name and fame were founded, they have evolved other "modern" toilet requisites in tune with the demands of the fastidious woman of to-day. Such a firm would not and could not attempt to market inferior goods. Their "Orchis" perfume is a deliciously fragrant, individual and delicate scent, and it is this perfume which is used to make their face-powder a luxuriously pleasing toilet-accessory without detracting from its merits as a really fine, pure and beautifying cosmetic.

"Orchis" powder is made up in a wide range of modern colourings, but perhaps the most attractive is the "English Peach," which, as the name implies, is particularly well suited to "native" complexions. It conforms to the present tendency to natural effects in make-up, giving the complexion a delicate bloom, a fresh and ethereal appearance, without producing the heavily "farded" look which is already "*vieux jeu*."

SINCE quality, rather than cost, interests me in regard to beauty preparations, I do not consider that prices come within the scope of these articles as a rule, but I do think it worthy of notice that this really fine and pure face-powder, which compares favourably with some very expensive foreign "competitors," costs only 1s. 9d. a box—and the box itself is a charming silver-covered container which would be an ornament to any dressing-table.

Yardley's are determined to give discriminating clients the best at the lowest possible price, and I consider that their "Orchis" scent and powder, and their new cream rouges, are among the enterprises which should help to restore the prestige and prosperity of British Trade.

ONE GOOD DRINK suggests another

whether you feel like a Whisky and Soda, Gin and Tonic, a Tonic Water, a Ginger Ale, a Lemonade, a Palato (Sparkling Orange) or one of the two new Sparkling Fruit Drinks—"Lemon" or "Grape Fruit"

– therefore Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Lovely Lucerne: An Ideal Touring Centre

THE beauty of Lucerne is proverbial. Poised on the edge of a lake and divided by the swift-flowing River Reuss, with a background of tree-clad hills, and mountains towering into the sky across the lake, the majestic rock-mass of Pilatus, the meadow-terraced Stanserhorn, and the lonely pile of the Burgenstock—and with many of the most famous of the snow-capped giants of the Alps within sight, one need not wonder that to lovely Lucerne most of those go who wish to see the scenery of Switzerland at its best.

A view of Lucerne, showing the Cathedral, a lake-side promenade, and the steamers which visit the famous beauty-spots on the Lake

Lucerne has a stirring history. Celts and Romans colonised it, the Huns burnt it, and from being the site of a monastery of Leodegar, in the year 734, it had become, in 1332, of sufficient importance to enter the Union of the Forest Cantons, as its fourth member, and to take a prominent part in Switzerland's struggle for freedom. Lucerne thrives on the spirit of romance, and surely a city which still has a wall with nine watch-towers, the oldest dating from 1291, two mediæval wooden bridges, one, the Chapel Bridge, obliquely built and decorated with 112 roof paintings, the other known as the Dance-of-Death Bridge from its paintings illustrating this gruesome subject, a sixteenth-century Town Hall, and the Gold Seal of the famous Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, may be allowed its romance, even at the expense of history!

LUCERNE has also a modern side, which includes some of the finest hotels in Switzerland, and incomparable facilities for sport and amusement. At its most fashionable rendezvous, the Casino, a handsome building, an excellent orchestra gives concerts twice daily, and there are theatrical performances, vaudeville, cabaret, dancing, and *boule*. Organ recitals daily, except on Sundays, in the Cathedral, and band performances on the Kurplatz, are also features of the musical fare. As regards sport, tennis courts are numerous, there is a fine eighteen-hole golf course at the Dietschiberg, and the Lido of Lucerne claims to be the largest and most comfortable bathing-beach in Switzerland, with a length of 600 yards and 60,000 square yards of lawns and sand! It boasts a first-class open-air restaurant, there is dancing in a park enclosure, and provision for games and gymnastics, with special play-grounds for children. International horse and motor shows are held, also international regattas on the Lake, and one can take aeroplane trips over the Lake.

As an excursion centre, Lucerne is ideal. It is the centre, the hub, of Switzerland. From it, by rail, by road, and by water, you can visit, within a day, many of the most famous beauty spots in the country. Modern lake-steamers enable the visitor to journey over the entire length of the Lake of Lucerne to Flüelen, the Axenstrasse, to Altdorf, to Alpnachstad, to Küssnacht.

By rail or by road, or both, you can visit the beautiful Lake of Zug, and its quaint mediæval town, watch the Reuss foam through Uri, climb the Brünig Pass and gain glorious views of the Lakes of Lungern and Sarnen, explore the Alpine valley of Engelberg, with its magnificent background of glacier, rock, forest and mountain, and the softer scenery of the meadows and fragrant woods in Unterwalden. The whole time you will journey through the Cantons of Switzerland which made the land the great little country it is, which gave it the name it honours, and the charter of freedom it has maintained intact for six hundred years. EDWARD E. LONG

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 361)

Union would frown upon any such proposal. Rugby football is not a competitive game, but it is difficult to explain this to countries which have only lately taken it up. Indeed, it seems to me that it is, in its best form, a purely British game: if that appears an unduly insular point of view, we have the example of the Frenchmen to warn us that Continental nations cannot grasp the basic principles of Rugby football. And I 'm told that the French authorities are extremely anxious to resume fixtures with the home Unions, but that their anxiety is conditioned almost entirely by the financial aspect of the question. And, naturally, there 's nothing doing from our end—nothing at all.

Now let me throw down a controversial gauntlet, which owes its existence to an argument which began, late at night, in my club. Why is it—and what howls this question may arouse!—why is it that our finest amateur athletes take no serious interest whatever in lawn-tennis? They play golf, cricket, rackets, real tennis—but not lawn-tennis—though there is no doubt whatever that men like C. N. Bruce and A. P. F. Chapman and Akers-Douglas, with a genius for ball games, could in a very short time become extremely good at lawn-tennis; so good, indeed, that our Perrys and Austins would be seriously challenged. Great Britain, in fact, is not represented in the Davis Cup by the pick of her ball-game players: is it because lawn-tennis is intrinsically not a first-class game—that it ranks more with squash-rackets as an agreeable form of exercise—or is it the rather cheap, over-boosted, hysterical atmosphere of Wimbledon and other big tennis meetings which puts off the most likely players?

I just ask the question, reserving my own opinion, and merely repeating that, for some strange reason, our best all-rounders certainly leave lawn-tennis out of their calculations.

Inverary Highland Games

Lord Weir (on extreme left), the Hon. John Weir (in kilt), and Sir John Child (on shooting stick)

AND how goes the brave world of boxing? Don McCorkindale, I see, is to fight Carnera in Rome during October, and he may count himself a lucky man, or bless the astuteness of Ted Broadribb, that the match has come his way. All the heavyweights are chasing Carnera and his title now: Larry Gains is going round panting for a chance of repeating his points victory over the mountainous Italian.

I don't think, myself, that McCorkindale has one chance in a thousand of beating Carnera. He is a big, strong fellow: he may fox Carnera a bit, but, to my mind, he is a disappointing fighter. When he first came over here he showed promise of becoming a top-notcher: his build, his courage, his knowledge of boxing were all in his favour. But he developed unexpected histrionic qualities; he delayed, pretended to be exhausted, allowed his opponents to make the running, and hoped to stage a grand-stand finish. And we grew rather tired of it. We waited for the punch, the fire, the swift and relentless execution of the budding champion. We are still waiting; McCorkindale is an awkward opponent for any man: he would try Petersen or Doyle very hard, but there he seems to stick. It will certainly be one big surprise if he manages to knock Carnera off his pedestal—and off his feet.

B R I T A I N ' S . D E P E N D A B L E . C A R

AUSTIN

From the small factory of 1905, covering 2½ acres and turning out 120 cars in its first working year, to the huge factory of to-day, covering 220 acres, and employing 14,000 British workers . . . this progress indicates the measure of public confidence in Austin Cars.

"Above all, dependability *continues to be our guiding policy in building the Austin car, and I wish to assure the motoring public that the numerous developments we now announce will prove in service fully as reliable as the cars to which they are applied."*

H. Austin.

New Programme and Developments

- **SYNCHROMESH GEARBOX ON ALL MODELS**
- **CROSS-BRACED FRAMES**
- **ALTERNATIVE ENGINES**
- **NEW SIXTEEN ON LONG WHEELBASE CHASSIS**
- **NEW TWELVE-SIX SALOON ON DROP FRAME**
- **DIRECTION INDICATORS ON ALL MODELS**

The outstanding feature of the new Austin Programme is the inclusion of *Synchromesh Gearboxes* on all models — Synchromesh that makes the novice an expert with the gear lever, giving noiseless, effortless gear-changing.

The introduction of *Cross-Braced Frames* provides an even wider margin of strength and safety—frames designed to ensure complete rigidity and stability under any road conditions . . .

Two *Alternative Engine Ratings* are available in the Sixteen range, *without extra charge,* namely the usual 16 h.p. power unit, or an entirely new higher powered engine rated at 18 h.p.—while in the Twelve-Six range the choice of either a 13.9 h.p. or a 15.9 h.p. engine is offered . . .

An entirely *New Sixteen Saloon on a long wheelbase* of 10 ft. is introduced—a car still more spacious and handsome, and with considerably improved riding quality . . . *Also a new body, the Ascot,* on the Twelve-Six drop frame, cross-braced chassis, provides a car of finer appearance, better all-round performance, greater stability and road-holding qualities—a car specifically designed for easy cleaning.

Then there are the new *Sports Models*—an attractive Ten-Four Sports Tourer, and a handsome low-built Greyhound speed-saloon on the special Twelve-Six chassis. With these, the Twelve-Six Sports Tourer and Sports Seven Two Seater, Austin now offers a notable sports range. See these and other developments at your Austin dealer.

THE COMPLETE RANGE . . . 50 Models

(PRICES EFFECTIVE AUGUST 15th)

FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS

THE AUSTIN SEVEN

Saloon De Luxe	£128
Saloon (Fixed Head)	£118
Four-seater Tourer	£112 10s.
Two-seater Tourer	£105
Sports Two-seater	£152

AUSTIN TEN-FOUR

Saloon De Luxe	£172 10s.
Saloon (Fixed Head)	£158
Cabriolet	£178
Open Road Four-seater	£152
Two-seater	£152
Sports Tourer	£215

AUSTIN LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR

Ascot Saloon De Luxe	£218
Harley Saloon De Luxe	£208
Saloon (Fixed Head)	£188
Open Road Tourer	£172 10s.
Eton Two-seater	£172 10s.

AUSTIN TWELVE

Berkeley Saloon	£295
Saloon (Fixed Head)	£275
Westminster Saloon	£325
Open Road Tourer	£265
Harrow Two-seater	£265

SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

AUSTIN LIGHT TWELVE-SIX
(*with* 13.9 *h.p. or* 15.9 *h.p. engine*)

Ascot Saloon De Luxe	£235
Harley Saloon De Luxe	£225
Saloon (Fixed Head)	£205
Open Road Tourer	£200
Eton Two-seater	£200
Sports Tourer	£275
Greyhound Sports Saloon	£305

AUSTIN SIXTEEN (*with* 16 *h.p. engine or new* 18 *h.p. engine*)

Carlton Saloon (Long Wheelbase - 10 ft.)	£328
Iver Saloon (with division) (Long Wheelbase - 10 ft.)	£338
Berkeley Saloon	£318
Westminster Saloon	£348
Open Road Tourer	£295
Harrow Two-seater	£295

AUSTIN TWENTY

Ranelagh Limousine (11 ft. 4 in. Wheelbase)	£595
Ranelagh Landaulette (11 ft. 4 in. Wheelbase)	£595
Whitehall Saloon (10 ft. Wheelbase)	£515

Prices are at works and refer to standard colours only. Triplex glass throughout.

You buy a car—but you invest in an Austin.

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street, London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

Fruit and Other Fritters

Raspberry Fritters

MAKE a batter of two eggs, well beaten, and half a pint of milk thickened with cornflour to the right consistency of batter, some sugar, and a pinch of cinnamon. Put the raspberries into the batter and fry them in a pan of hot lard, a spoonful at a time. Dish them in a pyramid, and sift sugar between and over them. Loganberries are also delicious prepared in this way.

Banana Fritters

PEEL some bananas, cut them in halves, put them in a basin, and sprinkle over them a little white wine, and a little chopped lemon-peel. Sprinkle over with castor sugar, and let them remain for an hour. Dip each piece in frying batter, and fry in boiling lard till a golden colour; take them out, drain, dust with sugar, and serve very hot.

Cherry Fritters

BLACK cherries are the best. The stalks should be kept on, and they should be tied together in bunches of three or four. The batter for these should be made with ¼ lb. of flour, a quarter of a pint of cold water, one tablespoonful of salad oil or cream, the yolks of two eggs, and the whites stiffly whipped, and one tablespoonful of castor sugar. When all these ingredients are mixed into a smooth batter, add the whipped whites of the eggs last. Dip the cherries into the batter and fry them in hot fat, being careful to keep them as rocky in appearance as possible. When cooked, sprinkle a little castor sugar and powdered cinnamon over them, and serve hot.

Pancake Fritters

MAKE a batter of 2 oz. of flour, one egg, a pinch of salt, vanilla essence, a very little grated lemon, a little lemon juice, and sugar to taste. Have ready some hot fat, and drop a dessertspoonful of the batter into it, and fry a golden brown until crisp. Do not put in too many at a time. Dust with castor sugar and serve.

Tomato Fritters (a Savoury)

TAKE about six medium-sized tomatoes, cut out the little core at the top, but do not skin them, as it makes them break. Cut in halves, and cook them in a tin in the oven in margarine or butter for about ten minutes. Take them out and put them aside. Have a batter made of 1 oz. of flour, into which stir the stiffly-whipped white of an egg, two tablespoonsful of milk or cream, about half a teaspoonful of very fine chopped onion or shallot, two tablespoonsful of grated cheese, and a little salt and pepper. Stir these well together in a basin, and put each piece of tomato in the batter until well coated with it. Have some boiling lard in a frying-pan and fry each fritter until a golden brown. Take out of the pan, shake some grated cheese over each, and send up very hot. This is a delicious savoury. The quantities quoted will make twelve fritters.

The Editor's Box

West of England Amateur Golf Championship

The Burnham and Berrow Golf Club are having an Open Meeting from September 4th to 9th inclusive. Competitors in the Championship will be admitted to the Club-House and Green as honorary members. On September 4th the Club will play Visitors. On September 5th the match for the War Memorial trophy will be played. On September 6th and following days the West of England Amateur Championship will be played off. The winner will hold the West of England Challenge Cup for one year, being himself presented with a replica of the cup by the Club. Entry forms can be obtained from the Secretary of the Club, Burnham, Somerset, and must be returned not later than September 4th. Open competitions will be arranged on September 7th and 8th for those not then playing in the Championship.

Good-bye to Muddy Shoes

Many a small boy, and many a grown man for that matter, has looked in despair at his shoes at the end of a country walk. The "Spade Twins" turn that look of despair into a smile, as the shoes emerge like lightning from their muddy disguise. The "Spade Twins" consist of the Spade Scraper, designed to remove all the mud from just those parts of the boot which the ordinary fixed scraper cannot get at, including the back of the boot and the welt; and the Bootwiper, which is raised off the ground on three little feet, so that the user can get the toe and sides of his boot well under the bristles which extend beneath the brush. It has pure Bahia bass bristles, which are impervious to rain and do not get sodden. Both the Brush and the Scraper have long handles, which make them easy to manipulate. The inventor and proprietor of the "Spade Twins" is Major Van der Byl, Wappenham, Towcester, Northants.

"The Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Ranelagh, October 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th, 1933

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(9th Year) Roehampton, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, 1933

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.
ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 21st, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 21st the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1932 or 1933, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅗ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme* of the change.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1933 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 21st.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

"The Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th, and 15th, 1933

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, August 31st.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Date and year of birth ..... Club, if any .....

Telephone No. .....

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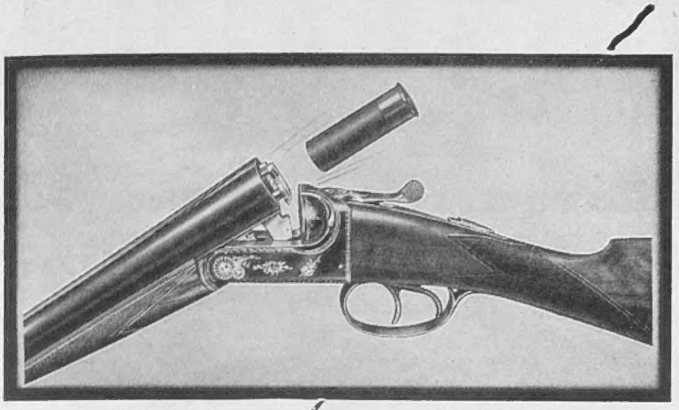

There are two very good reasons why we suggest that you should buy a B.S.A. Shot Gun.

It shoots remarkably well. It is inexpensive.

You can pay less than 13 gns. for a gun, and you can pay a lot more, but in neither case will you get such good value in shooting qualities.

May we send you the B.S.A. Catalogue?

B.S.A.

Non-ejector **13** Gns.

Ejectors from **16** Gns.

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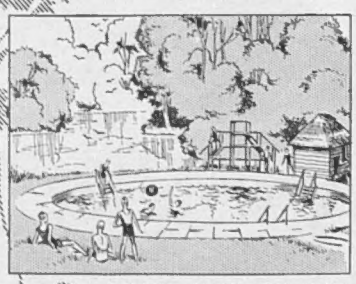

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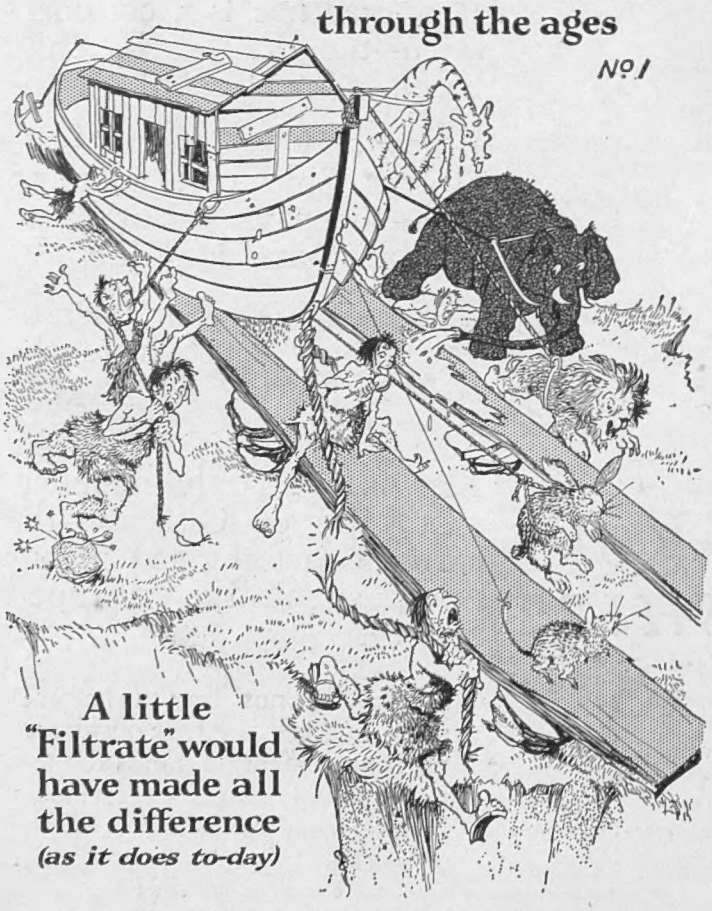

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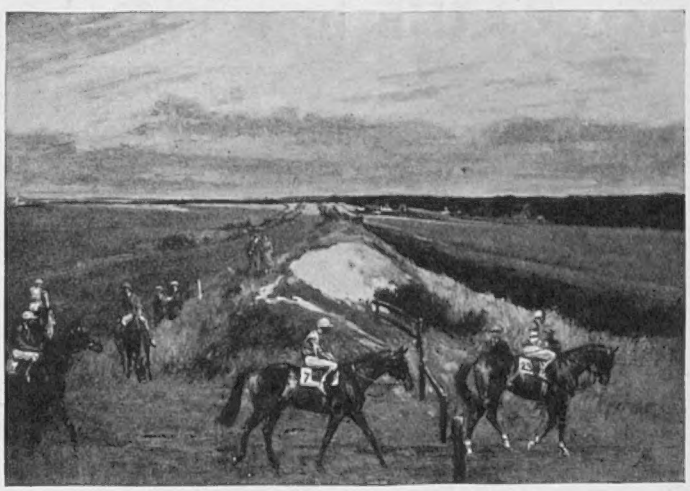

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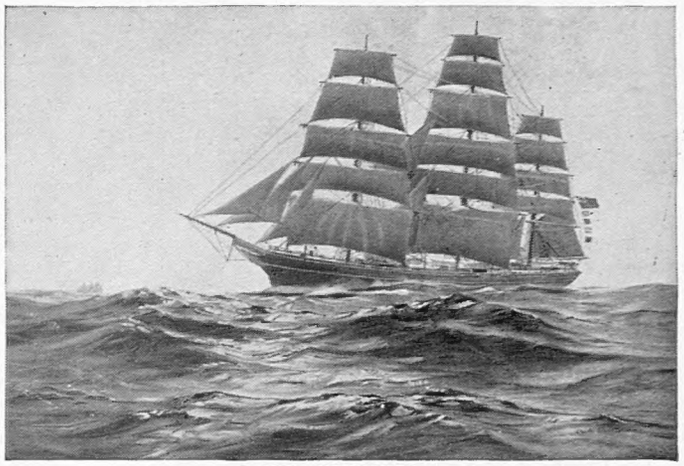

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